THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1805.

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates:

1 VIEW near HAARLEM, in HOLLAND.
2 LONDON FASHIONABLE MOURNING DRESSES.
3 VINCENTIO and JULIANA.
4 Newest PATTERN for a SLEEVE.—The BORDER also for the DRESS.
5 Music—' WHEN I AM DOOM'D TO DEATH.'—A CANZONET. Translated from CAMOENS by Lord STRANGFORD. Set to Music by W. BARRE.

LONDON:

Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster-Row;

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. Y's *Serious Reflections addressed to Unmarried Women* are intended for our next.

Serena's proposed communications will be very acceptable.

Miranda is not forgotten.

N.B. Many of our Correspondents seem to have forgotten that it has always been customary for them to pay the postage of their contributions.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE.

For SEPTEMBER, 1805.

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I SEND you a description of a garden, formed upon a plan not mentioned, I believe, in any book upon gardening, if you think it worthy of being inserted in your Magazine; and am,

Sir,
Your humble servant,
RICHARD WESTON,
or
BOTANICO-HORTENSIS.

Leicester, Jan. 20, 1805.

AUTUMNAL or WINTER GARDEN.

Directions for forming an Autumnal or Winter Garden, describing the Trees, Shrubs, herbaceous and bulbous-rooted Plants, proper for one; the Month in which they flower; and the Time at which they were introduced into the English Gardens, from foreign Countries.

'A Garden indeed is the purest of human pleasures: it is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man; without which, buildings and palaces are but gross handy works.' BACON'S ESSAYS.

OF all the various plans for forming and laying out gardens, very little attention, if any, has ever been given to select the trees, shrubs, and plants, which flower in the autumn and winter, or early in the spring, and evergreen trees, shrubs, and herbaceous plants, and bring them together in one point of view.

For those ladies and gentlemen, therefore, who reside in the country in winter, such a plan cannot but be acceptable; especially as there is not any extraordinary trouble or expence in it, more than in selecting the trees and shrubs which have those particular properties of naturally flowering from September to February and March, autumnal-flowering bulbous roots, and evergreen trees, shrubs, and plants, remarkable for the elegance and beauty of their foliage.

This method is peculiarly adapted for those houses which have courts before them, or where the windows open into the garden.

In the old method, how gloomy a garden appears with scarcely any evergreen plants in it during the winter months! On the contrary, how differently pleasing would it appear if planted with evergreens and flowers! As a proof of this, let any one view the garden in Grosvenor-square, and compare it with the elegant and judicious planting of that in Portman-square with evergreens.

DIRECTIONS.

In forming a garden on this plan,

the first object must be of its being well defended, by walls or trees, from the east, north, and west, and to be open only to the south, for no other situation will suit it properly.

The walls may be planted with silver-striped ivy, pyracantha, evergreen roses and laurels, alternately with one of each, as the roses will soon reach the top of the wall before the other trees.

The edgings around the borders and clumps should be of dwarf box, on account of the liveliness of the colour, and the walks gravel, as grass is not agreeable to walk on in the winter; and they should be higher in the middle than common, and rolled every opportunity that the weather will permit, which will cause them to remain hard.

The garden may be planted either in October and November, or in March, with any of the following sorts, according to the taste and fancy of the owner, or an opportunity of procuring the shrubs, plants, and flowers.

As almost every one now arranges plants by their Latin botanic names, that method is here followed, but with the explanation of the classes and orders in English, to make them more intelligible.

More shrubs, plants, and flowers, of each division could have been selected; but those inserted are remarkable for the elegance of their foliage, the liveliness of the colour of the leaves, and the beauty of their flowers.

The country is mentioned where each plant is a native, the month in which it flowers, and the time at which it was brought into England, as far as can be ascertained from botanical authors; which shews how much we are indebted to foreign countries for the many elegant plants which now adorn our gardens.

The time of flowering is calculated for the neighbourhood of London; but in very severe winters many will be a month later at spring.

In mild autumns, several also will continue a month longer, unless stopped by frost, than here mentioned.

A CATALOGUE OF TREES, SHRUBS, HERBACEOUS AND BULBOUS-ROOTED FLOWERS.

	Gen.	Var.
1. Autumnal and Winter-flowering Evergreen Trees and Shrubs	7	14
2. Evergreen flowering Shrubs - - - - - -	20	78
3. Autumnal-flowering Deciduous Shrubs - - -	12	32
4. Early Spring-flowering Deciduous Shrubs - - -	4	9
5. Autumnal-flowering Bulbous-rooted Flowers - -	7	15
6. Early Spring-flowering Bulbous-rooted Flowers - -	6	15
7. Autumnal-flowering Perennial Herbaceous Plants - -	10	29
8. Autumnal-flowering Annuals - - - - -	10	20
9. Early Spring-flowering Herbaceous Plants - - -	11	22
10. Evergreen Herbaceous Plants - - - - -	13	20
	100	254

1.

Autumnal and Winter-flowering Evergreen Trees and Shrubs.

I. Arbutus, or Strawberry tree. Arbutus.

BOTANICAL DESCRIPTION.

Linnæus's Genera of Plants:—No. 552. Class 10. ten males. Order 1. one female.

1. Strawberry-tree - - - 1. Unedo
2. Scarlet-flowered - - - 2. Coccineus
3. Double-flowered - - - 3. Duplex
4. Yellow-berried Strawberry-tree - 4. Bacciflavus

Flowers from September to December. Fruit ripens the second year. Native.

II. Laurustinus. Viburnum.
No. 370. Class 5. five males. Order 3. three females.
1. Narrow-leaved - - - - - - 1. Tinus angustifolia
2. Hairy-leaved - - - - - - - 2. Hirsuta
3. Shining-leaved Laurustinus - - 3. Lucida
September to February. South of Europe. 1596.

III. Pyracantha, or Evergreen Thorn. Mespilus.
No. 625. Class 12. twenty males. Order 4. five females.
1. Pyracantha, or Evergreen Thorn - Pyracantha.
May to August. In fruit all winter. Germany. 1629.

IV. Rose-tree. Rosa.
No. 631. Class 12. twenty males. Order 5. many females.
1. Evergreen White Rose - - - Sempervirens
June to September. Germany. 1629.

2. Pale Red Chinese Rose - - - Chinensis
March to November. China. 1789.

V. Sea Ragwort. Cineraria.
No. 957. Class 19. confederate males. Order 2. frustraneous polygamy.
1. Yellow-flowered Sea Ragwort . . Maritima
July to September. South of Europe. 1633.

VI. Southernwood. Artemisia.
No. 945. Class 19. confederate males. Order 2. superfluous polygamy.
1. Southernwood - - - - - - - Abrotanum
August to October. South of Europe. 1596.

VII. Tea-tree. Thea.
No. 668. Class 13. many males. Order 1. one female.
1. Green Tea-tree - - - - - - - Viridis
2. Bohea Tea-tree - - - - - - - Bohea
August to October. China. 1768.

2.

Evergreen Flowering Shrubs.

I. Alaternus, or Evergreen Privet. Rhamnus.
No. 265. Class 5. five males. Order 1. one female.
1. Alaternus - - - - - - - - 1. Communis
2. Gold-striped - - - - - - - 2. Aureo-variegatus
3. Silver-striped - - - - - - 3. Argenteo-varieg.
4. Gold-blotched - - - - - - 4. Aureo-maculatus

5. Jagged-leaved - - - - - - - 1. Laciniatus
6. Silver-striped - - - - - - - 2. Argenteo-varieg.
7. Gold-striped - - - - - - - 3. Aureo-varieg.
April to June. South of Europe. 1629.

II. Arbor Vitæ. Thuia.
No. 1078. Class 21. one house. Order 9. one brotherhood.
1. American - - - - - - - - - Arbor Vitæ
2. Chinese Arbor Vitæ - - - - - - Chinensis
May. America. 1596.

III. Bay-tree. Laurus.
No. 503. Class 9. nine males. Order 1. one female.
1. Bay-tree - - - - - - - - 1. Nobilis
2. Broad-leaved - - - - - - - 2. Latifolia
3. Narrow-leaved Bay-tree - - - - 3. Angustifolia
April to May. Italy. 1561.

IV. Box-tree. Buxus.
No. 1053. Class 21. one house. Order 4. four males.
1. Box-tree - - - - - - - - 1. Arborescens
2. Gold-striped - - - - - - - 2. Aureo-variegata
3. Gold-edged - - - - - - - - 3. Aureo-notata
4. Silver-striped - - - - - - 4. Argenteo-varieg.
5. Myrtle-leaved - - - - - - 5. Myrtifolia
6. Dwarf Box-tree - - - - - - - 6. Suffruticosa
April. Native.

V. Broom. Spartium.
No. 858. Class 17. two brotherhoods. Order 4. ten males.
1. Yellow Spanish - - - - - - - 1. Junceum
2. Double-flowered - - - - - - - 2. Plenum
3. Single-seeded - - - - - - - - - 1. Monospermum
July to September. South of Europe. 1562.
4. White single-seeded - - - - - - 2. Album
June to July. South of Europe. 1690.
5. Starry - - - - - - - - - - - Radiatum
June to August. Italy. 1758.
6. English Broom - - - - - - - Scoparium
Native. April to June.

VI. Broom. Genista. No. 859.
1. Montpelier or Cytisus - - - - - Candicans
April to June. South of Europe. 1748.
2. Dyer's Broom - - - - - - - - Tinctoria
June to August. Native.

VII. Butcher's Broom. Ruscus.
No. 1139. Class 14. two houses. Order 4. confederate males.
1. Butcher's Broom - - - - - - - Aculeatus
January to June. Native.

VIII. Heath. Erica.

No. 484. Class 8. eight males. Order 1. one female.

1. Cross-leaved English - - - - - - 1. Tetralix
2. White cross-leaved - - - - - - - 2. Alba

June to August. Natives.

3. Fine-leaved English - - - - - - Cinerea

June to August. Native.

4. Mediterranean - - - - - - - - 1. Mediterranea

March to May. South of Europe. 1765.

5. Upright Mediterranean - - - - - 2. Erecta

IX. Holly-tree. Ilex.

No. 172. Class 4. four males. Order 3. four females.

1. Green-leaved - - - - - - - - 1. Aquifolium viride
2. Smooth-leaved - - - - - - - - 2. Glabrum
3. Saw-leaved - - - - - - - - 3. Serratum
4. White-berried - - - - - - - - 4. Baccialbum
5. Yellow-berried - - - - - - - 5. Bacciflavum
6. Blotch-leaved - - - - - - - - 6. Bacciflavum varieg.

May to June. Natives.

7. Green Hedgehog - - - - - - - 1. Echinatum
8. Silver-edged - - - - - - - - 2. Argenteum
9. Gold-edged - - - - - - - - 3. Aureum
10. Gold-blotched Hedgehog - - - - 4. Aureum variegatum

Above twenty more varieties with striped leaves.

X. Ivy. Hedera.

No. 283. Class 5. five males. Order 1. one female.

1. Ivy - - - - - - - - - - - - 1. Helix
2. Silver-striped - - - - - - - - 2. Argenteo-varieg.
3. Gold-striped Ivy - - - - - - - 3. Aureo-varieg.

September. Natives.

XI. Kalmia. Kalmia.

No. 545. Class 10. ten males. Order 1. one female.

1. Narrow-leaved - - - 1736 - - Angustifolia
2. Broad-leaved - - - - 1734 - - Latifolia

June to July. North America.

3. Polium-leaved - - - - - - - - Polifolia

XII. Laurel-tree. Prunus, Lauro-Cerasus.

No. 620. Class 12. twenty males. Order 1. one female.

1. Laurel - - - - - - - - - - 1. Lauro-Cerasus
2. Silver-striped - - - - - - - 2. Argenteo-varieg.
3. Gold-striped Laurel - - - - 3. Aureo-varieg.

April. Levant. 1529.

4. Portugal Laurel - - - - - - - Lusitanica

June. South of Europe. 1722.

XIII. Lavender. Lavendula.

No. 711. Class 14. two powers. Order 1. seed naked.

1. Lavender - - - - - - - - - - 1. Spica.
2. White-flowered - - - - - - - 2. Spica alba

July to September. South of Europe. 1568.

3. French Lavender - - - - - - - Stœchas
May to June. South of Europe. 1568.

XIV. Magnolia, or Laurel-leaved Tulip-tree. Magnolia.
No. 690. Class 13. many males. Order 7. many females.
1. Evergreen Magnolia - - - - - - Grandiflora
June to August. North America. 1737.

XV. Phillyrea, or Mock Privet. Phillyrea.
No. 19. Class 2. two males. Order 1. one female.
1. Broad-leaved - - - - - - - - Latifolia
2. Prickly-leaved - - - - - - - - Ilicifolia
3. Slightly saw-leaved - - - - - - Media
May to June. South of Europe. 1597.
4. Privet-leaved - - - - - - - - 1. Ligustrifolia
5. Dark-green - - - - - - - - - 2. Atro-viridis
6. Olive-leaved - - - - - - - - - Oleæfolia
7. Narrow-leaved - - - - - - - - Angustifolia
8. Rosemary-leaved - - - - - - - Rosmarinifolia

XVI. Periwinkle. Vinca.
No. 295. Class 5. five males. Order 1. one female.
1. Small Periwinkle - - - - - - - - 1. Minor
2. Gold-striped - - - - - - - - - 2. Aureo-varieg.
3. Silver-striped - - - - - - - - - 3. Argenteo-varieg.
4. Large blue-flowered - - - - - - - Major
March to July. Natives.

(*To be continued.*)

Account *of the* Town *of* Haarlem, *in* Holland.

(*With a View, near it, elegantly engraved.*)

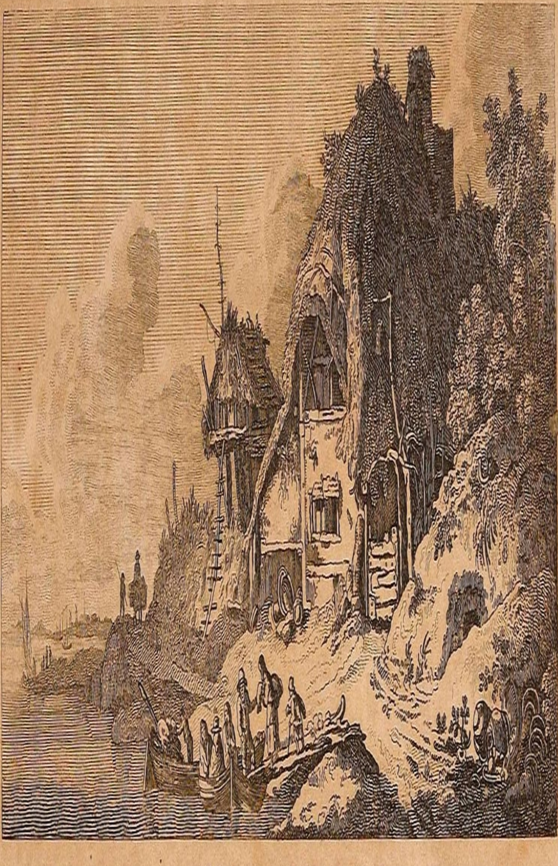
THE town of Haarlem is situate near a lake of the same name, about fourteen miles long, and nearly the same in breadth. The church, which is the largest in Holland, is said to have the finest organ in Europe. It contains eight thousand pipes, the largest of which is thirty-eight feet long, and has sixty-eight stops, among which the *vox humana* is most exquisitely fine. To the south of the town is a wood, in which are many delightful walks and vistas.

Haarlem is memorable for the siege it sustained against the Spaniards in 1573, for ten months; the townsmen, before they capitulated, being reduced to eat the vilest animals, and even leather and grass.

The annexed engraving is recommended to the attention of our readers, not less on account of its correctness from nature, than for the spirited manner in which it is executed.

On the coast of Holland, to a considerable extent, thatched huts of this description are seen by the traveller, which are usually occupied by smugglers and fishermen, many of whom carry on an extensive business in that way.

Our readers will, no doubt, be gratified with this embellishment, as it gives at once an accurate idea of the mode of living adopted by that 'amphibious' race of people — the Hollanders.



View near Haarlem.

THE

ROMANCE *of the* PYRENEES.

[*By a Lady.*]

(*Continued from p.* 412.)

CHAP. XXXV.

SOME moments elapsed before Victoria's sense and respiration returned; when throwing her arms around Roselia's neck, she gave some relief to her bursting heart by a flood of tears; and soon after, disconsolate and full of sorrow, she retired to the apartments allotted for her, where, the misery of her mind operating upon her harassed frame, the next morning found her with every symptom of approaching illness. Father Pierre was summoned; but medicine could not reach the source of her disease, although it helped to strengthen her frame in sustaining it. Every tender attention was paid to her by the Benedictine sisters, and the almost distracted Roselia's affection evinced itself more and more each passing moment; and our suffering heroine, ever grateful for the kindness she received, exerted herself to the utmost to repel the virulence of that mental anguish which threatened destruction to her health, and for the sake of poor Roselia to appear serene. Incessantly Victoria prayed for fortitude and resignation; but Heaven, for the first time, disregarded the pious supplications of our heroine; for, notwithstanding every exertion, her heart still writhed in anguish at the idea of giving up Urbino for ever: yet still she was resolute, since rectitude told her it must be so; and, though torturing was the task that rigid guide assigned her, she determined to perform it, even should her heart break in the execution.

Father Pierre brought Victoria the information of Urbino, with the good Anselmo, and attended by Thomas, having set out, in a pitiable state of agitation and melancholy, for Rome in two hours after his return from St. Marguerite's; that the duchessa and her two vile associates, Bianca and Maratti, had absconded from the château immediately after our persecuted heroine had left it, but that no one knew whither they were gone; and that comte de Montfort, in a state of the most imbecile despondence, was preparing to set out for England, where he purposed passing the remainder of his life.

Seignora Farinelli was at her brother's house in Florence when Roselia's letter arrived there; and as soon as the utmost expedition in travelling, and the most impatient anxiety to reach it, could convey her, she was at St. Marguerite's. The abbess prepared her for the languid state and mental illness she would find her adored pupil in: but when Victoria's chamber-door was opened to admit her, and she beheld the attenuated form and wan cheeks of the darling of her heart, so much did she find her altered more than even apprehension had pourtrayed that she could not command her feelings. In all the agony of high-wrought grief she clasped the shadow of her once-blooming Victoria in her arms, and wept over her in all the trembling anguish of a fond and doting mother, who has just found a long-lost child only to undergo the torturing pang of closing its eyes for ever.

The presence of her Ursuline, her second mother, was a source of genuine delight and comfort to Victoria; it seemed a renovating cordial to her languid spirits; but it

could not heal the rankling wound that appeared to the anxious observer to be mining fast her excellent constitution. However, it proved a considerable relief to our drooping invalid to pour out every secret of her guileless heart into the bosom of her beloved friend, and to talk to her of Urbino and Matilda; for to Roselia, well as she loved her, she had never mentioned the latter; since only to a being sacred as she held her Ursuline to be would she breathe a sound that could depreciate the merit of Urbino.

Seignora Farinelli was perplexed and distressed beyond conception; for, not knowing the history of Matilda, or the motives which might have actuated the conduct of Urbino, she could not vindicate, neither could she condemn him. She would not therefore raise a hope in her darling's breast that might prove a delusion; nor were there, she thought, sufficient grounds for consigning her to despair. The conduct of Urbino to Victoria argued, she was convinced, no prior attachment, but spoke in every trait of it, and in the most decided language, an ardent, pure, and unconquerable one for her; and so amiable did he appear to Ursuline in every point of view, where the clouds of mystery that hung over him would permit her to see him as the free agent of his own actions, that she would scarcely give herself leave to doubt but that Victoria must, in her alarm and agitation, have misconceived the import of Matilda's words.

'I have no doubt,' said Victoria in reply to her venerable friend, 'I have no doubt of the sincerity of Urbino's attachment to me. Can I doubt it, after the incontestable proofs he has given me of it? But is that a reason that I should be the means of tarnishing his fair fame, or inducing him to continue unjust and cruel? I have reason to believe he loved Matilda long ere he saw me, and was in possession of her tenderest affections; and shall I, shall your Victoria, whom you ever taught to contemn the insidious and deceitful, shall she smile upon the man, and vow to honour him, who entrapped an innocent and ingenuous female's heart, subtilely stole into her very soul, then forsook her, and left her a prey for life to misery and anguish? No: the man who has my vows shall have my estimation also: in despite of all, Urbino has still my truant heart, and can only lose it when existence is no more; but he has not now my esteem. Oh! but for this dark, this dreadful shade, he would possess my veneration, my adoration, as a being far, far above the frailties of erring mortals: and so exalted was he in my esteem, that nothing upon earth but the evidence of my own senses could have poured the agonising conviction of his perfidy into my heart. But the words of poor Matilda were proofs strong as Heaven could send: they fell in heavy and indelible characters upon my tablet of happiness; they sound like the knell of blasted hope for ever in my ears; they rob my heart of peace, my frame of health, and in the grave only shall I lose the recollection of their dreadful impression.'

From this period Farinelli was truly wretched about our heroine, fearing the inroads such a profound grief might make upon a frame already sadly faded by recent illness, fatigue, terror, and sorrow. But Victoria's disease was entirely mental, and had yet communicated no serious shock to her constitution—although her pale cheeks, heavy eyes, loss of appetite and rest, with her languid air and plaintive voice, all hung out the ensign of decline; and

the good Ursuline felt almost as impatient as Victoria's self for a letter from Urbino, and for the arrival of father Alberti, whom she now hourly expected, and whom she resolved to dispatch instantly to Rome, to learn from Urbino every particular relative to Matilda, to take from her darling's heart at least the tortures of uncertainty. But day after day passed on without intelligence of Urbino, the good Alberti, or count Ariosto; and seignora Farinelli at length resolved to send Diego, who was fast recovering his mental and bodily health at the Carthusian convent, to Rome, in quest of Urbino and Anselmo, for the safety of whom the most serious apprehensions were beginning to be entertained.

On the evening prior to Diego's intended departure upon this anxious embassy, as Ursuline and Roselia were with Victoria in her apartment, the former striving to beguile her beloved child of her sadness by reading an interesting publication to her, a lay sister entered, to request seignora Farinelli would favour the superior for a few moments with her company.

Ursuline instantly complied; but staid away so long, that our now easily alarmed heroine dispatched Roselia to learn if any thing particular had occurred to detain her venerable friend. Roselia returned not;—and Victoria, ever apprehensive of hearing some dreadful intelligence of Urbino, could not long brook the misery of anticipating fear; and with a bounding heart and trembling frame hastily descended to the abbess's parlour, and, softly opening the door, beheld her Ursuline extended on the sopha, pale as death, with the most heartfelt woe and horror in the extreme forcibly depicted on her countenance; while by her side sat the abbess and Roselia, both sobbing in convulsive anguish. But ere she had power to inquire into the cause of such alarming agitations, she anticipated all on beholding, through the grate, poor faithful Thomas striding up and down the room, wringing his hands and smiting his breast, whilst sorrow's large tears chased one another down his sun-burnt cheeks.

Every pang calamity could give now struck upon Victoria's bleeding heart; but from the wreck of her happiness fortitude sprung up, and, as if some supernatural influence instantly pervaded her frame and mind, she stood firm and collected, prepared to meet the fullest shock that information now could give her.

'Speak, Thomas!' she exclaimed in a tone of intrepid fortitude. 'Tell me instantly the dreadful intelligence that has brought you here. Urbino is dead; or, worse, has fallen into the hands of his enemies? Speak, tell me, tell me at once that fate has snapped the thread of my existence!'

On the first sound of Victoria's voice Thomas hastily strode up to the grate, grasped the bars with all his might, and looking most piteously upon her, he, as well as the dreadful agitation of his mind would permit, at length articulated: 'Ah, poor precious dear! what a broadside of sorrow am I come to sink your shattered little bark with!—for, oh! my dear, my brave, my good, my noble captain has fallen in with the infernal renegadoes! The devil's marines surrounded him and the venerable Sebastian, and towed them, with the poor old monk Anselmo, into the whirlpool of their vengeance!'

This was, indeed, a broadside that tore away every shadow of hope, and, but for the most animated exertions of fortitude, must have driven her at once into the gulf of de-

spair; and clasping now the bars of the grate to save her from falling, she hastily cried in a tone of misery and firmness touchingly blended—

'Oh! tell me all! tell me quickly every dreadful particular! Is he alive? Oh! tell me he is, and that there still exists a possibility that our exertions yet may save him!'

The benevolent and considerate abbess gently approached our heroine, and placed herself close behind her, ready to afford her every necessary assistance; but forbore to interrupt her with assiduities, believing that to recall her ideas to other objects might enervate the magnanimity which Heaven itself seemed to have inspired her with for some great purpose; while with much difficulty Victoria collected from the unconnected account and strange jumbled jargon of poor Thomas the subsequent particulars.

'Urbino, Anselmo, and Thomas, had embarked at Nice, and landed at Pisa, on their way to Rome; and were waiting for a carriage to convey them on, when they saw Francisco and Sebastian, in the most visible agitation, step out of a carriage in the inn-yard at Pisa. Urbino in much amazement flew to them, who, in their turn, were equally astonished at beholding him, and as much overjoyed as their evident dejection would permit them to be. Together they all three entered the parlour where Anselmo was; and soon after Thomas saw Francisco and Urbino go out, visibly oppressed by some serious affliction, and bend their course to the quay, where they engaged a vessel to sail immediately; and, in a short time after, they all, Urbino, Sebastian, Anselmo, Francisco, and Thomas, embarked with a fair wind for Cadaques.

'Whilst on board, Thomas learned from what was said, that they were going to rescue, if possible, some young woman, whom they called Matilda, from the power of don Manuel, into whose hands she had fallen during Francisco's absence from Spain; and by means of the Inquisition, whom Anselmo advised their laying the matter before, they hoped to effect their purpose, should the schemes of Francisco fail, who had some secret reasons for thinking he could rescue her without applying to such violent measures. That conte Urbino seemed particularly miserable during the voyage, perpetually accusing himself as the primary cause of Matilda's misfortunes, until he would almost wind himself into a state of distraction; when nothing seemed to give him comfort, or recall his agitated mind to comparative serenity, but the handkerchief Victoria had bound round Thomas's wound the night of Alonzo's daring enterprise, and which Urbino had, while in the dungeon with Thomas, taken from him, and since kept constantly in his bosom: and in those moments of despair he would draw it forth, press it with fervour to his lips, and look upon it until he became so sadly calm, that all who beheld him felt interested in his grief, and lamented to see him a prey to such deep sorrow.

'At length they safely reached Cadaques, where Francisco left them, and, according to his directions, all, in the habit of monks, set out at midnight to join him in his cell, near don Manuel's castle.

'The part of the forest that led to Francisco's dwelling was known only to Urbino; and by some unfortunate mistake, probably in a moment of his now almost perpetual fits of melancholy absence, he took a wrong path, and involved

himself and his companions so much in the mazes of the wood, that vain was his every effort to extricate them from it.

'Weary, chagrined, and distressed, the night found them; and it was agreed to by all, that could they find any shelter from the prowling wolves, which would soon begin to roam, they would cease to wander further in search of Francisco's cave until light returned to guide them. At length they discovered a goat-herd's cot, where they were hospitably received; and Thomas, being the only one of the party inclined to sleep, retired to a loft, whither his host conducted him, and where, on a truss of straw, he soon lost, in a profound slumber, all recollection of the world, its toils and woes; but from which he was dreadfully awakened by his host, who entered the loft in terrible consternation, and roused poor Thomas just time enough to hear the sound of horses' feet rapidly lessening on the ear. His dismayed host instantly informed him, that as he and the three monks were sitting discoursing before a blazing faggot on the hearth, the door of the hut suddenly burst open, and a band of armed ruffians rushed in, and, seizing the monks, notwithstanding the desperate valour of the young one (for numbers prevailed over courage), carried them off without his being able to afford them any assistance.

'Thomas's first impulse was immediately to follow them, even into the jaws of destruction—don Manuel's castle, where he doubted not they were taken; but his more prudent host displaying to him the madness and folly of such an attempt, soon convinced him he could more essentially serve them by retaining his liberty. He then thought of applying to the Inquisition; but, upon reflection, believed it better to leave fishing in that troubled water to wiser heads than his own: and conceiving no one could or ought to be so interested in the fate of Urbino as his wife, he thought it his duty instantly to repair to her; and therefore at dawn of day his kind host put him into the road to Cadaques, from whence in a few hours he embarked for Nice, and from thence had come with the utmost expedition to St. Marguerite's: and with many bitter and ludicrous invectives against Matilda, as a syren who had enticed another woman's husband from the post of constancy to wreck him upon the shoals of destruction,' poor Thomas concluded his afflicting narrative.

Victoria was dreadfully agitated during this recital; yet fortitude still preserved its empire unsubdued. That such deep interest for the fate of Matilda had drawn Urbino into the vortex of destruction, in spite of the precepts of rectitude, added a pang to her bleeding heart, but did not diminish her ardent solicitude to save him. She felt with the most feminine sensibility, but bore with manly firmness; and turning to the weeping abbess, in a soft tone of saddest sympathy she said—

'Alas! my dearest madam, you are a participator in my misery. Your brother is lost, unless Urbino is saved. Oh! hasten then to interest the monks of St. Lewis in our cause: they have power, and, influenced by you, will have inclination ably to assist us.'

'Most certainly,' replied the truly afflicted abbess, 'I will hasten to apply to the prior, who will exert his power, which is great indeed, to extricate us from this heart-rending calamity, and——'

'But instantly, madam, must you make your application,' eagerly interrupted Victoria; 'the smallest

interval of delay may prove of the utmost importance. Even now and our beloved friends may be doomed to a noisome dungeon, suffering every torture that insatiate vengeance and diabolical cruelty can inflict. Delay, then, is barbarity, is criminal in us; and, protected or not by the monks of St. Lewis, I will this very night, attended by Diego and poor faithful Thomas, set out for Spain.'

'You, my child,' exclaimed Farinelli, starting from the bench in dreadful alarm: 'you! so weak, so ill! It cannot, shall not be.'

'Nay, but, my dear, my second mother,' said Victoria, and determinately she spoke, 'not even the pleadings of friendship, nor the influence of your unerring and superior judgment, can alter now my resolution. Urbino is my husband; and while I am his wife I will perform my duty, which now tells me I ought to aim at saving him from destruction; and fixed as fate is my determination to attempt it. Under the protection of the holy Inquisition we will enter the castle of don Manuel; and guided by Thomas and Diego we shall be empowered to explore many secret places, and perchance, permitted by Heaven, to deliver from misery and bondage the friends we seek. My health cannot, shall not, prove a barrier to the performance of my duty; and fully am I convinced, that life must fall a sacrifice did I neglect to follow implicitly the dictates of my heart upon this calamitous occasion. By hope I shall be sustained through the arduous enterprise, and shall gain both health and happiness, should Providence lead me to success.'

Ursuline saw, in the enthusiasm of Victoria, much cause of alarm for her delicate state of health; yet also saw that contradiction might prove of the most fatal consequences; and, keenly grieved, she tacitly acquiesced, resolving to accompany her upon the hazardous expedition, should father Pierre not be able to prevail upon her to abandon the rash project.

The poor exhausted Thomas was committed to the special care of the domestics. The nuns were summoned by the devout and sorrowful abbess into the choir, to unite in prayers for the safety and deliverance of father Anselmo and his companions from the hands of their enemies; while a messenger was dispatched to St. Lewis, to entreat the immediate attendance of all those whom the abbess and Victoria wished to consult.

CHAP. XXXVI.

As soon as it was possible, the prior of St. Lewis, with father Pierre, two other monks, and Diego, arrived at St. Marguerite's, when great was their dismay and consternation on hearing the dreadful and afflicting intelligence. A long and interesting consultation ensued, in which the advice of Diego was much attended to; and at length a plan was determined upon and pursued the following morning at dawn of day, when Victoria, signora Farinelli, Roselia, fathers Pierre, Leonard, and St. Romaine, Diego, and Thomas, disguised as a company of pilgrims, set out for Nice; where engaging a vessel bound for Cadaques, they sailed with an auspicious wind, and disembarked at that port after a providentially expeditious passage; and immediately upon their arrival there the monks gave intimation at the holy office of their important business in Spain.

It was well for the cause Victoria had so deeply at heart that Anselmo was high in the estimation of the prior of St. Lewis, who was the beloved friend and kinsman of the then

reigning pontiff; and was also, from the piety and austerity of his house, which he was the founder of, as well as from the immense wealth of his convent, one of the most powerful men of the church. His voice bore with it an authority almost unequalled, since all were aware that, if his wishes were not instantly complied with, they would be arbitrarily enforced by a mandate from the papal chair. His word was, therefore, seldom disputed; and even the dreadful and tyrannical synod of the Inquisition, even from Rome to Madrid and Lisbon, bowed submissively to his decrees: and well acquainted with all the links and mysteries of that horrid chain of machinery, he took care to use every means in his power to make the credentials with which he entrusted his brothers, Pierre and St. Romaine, decisive; and to these, ignorant of the mysteries of this dreadful institution, appeared almost incredible the celerity with which intelligence was conveyed to and from the higher and far distant powers, or the promptitude with which secret meetings were convened to annihilate that horde of villains, who for years had successfully eluded the vigilance of the ecclesiastic and civil power, or dextrously thrown gold-dust into the eyes of the Dominicans: and, by means apparently almost supernatural, a large force was collected and all arranged, unknown to every mortal but those interested or engaged in the enterprise, in a very short period after Pierre and his brothers had presented their memorial to that terror-inspiring synod.

It was determined that the three females should remain at Cadaques, under the protection of the ecclesiastic power; while the monks of St. Lewis, with Diego and Thomas, should attend the formidable forces of the Inquisition to the castle of don Manuel; and at the appointed hour, which was in the dead of night, this dreadful troop, alike the scourge of vice and the persecution of innocence, set forward under the auspices of Diego; who, before he would undertake to guide the party to the castle, had obtained a solemn but secret promise from father Pierre, to favour the escape of don Manuel, should he be found at home. And, totally unknown to, or suspected by, any of her own adherents, except poor Thomas, Victoria contrived to accompany this formidable phalanx, habited as an official monk—a disguise which she and Thomas had with infinite risk and difficulty bribed and persuaded one of the familiars of the holy office to provide her with. Ursuline and Roselia she left buried in a profound sleep; and with a perturbation of spirits painfully violent, and with a heart torn by ten thousand hopes and dreadful fears, she entered the forest in the awful procession. The energy of her mind gave strength to her frame; and, assisted by the friendly arm of Thomas, inconceivable was the fatigue she endured, making way through brambles and underwood, and climbing over large masses of rock which they met with continually in the forest; but the soothing hope of liberating Urbino sustained her still, and beguiled the way of half its toil.

At length Diego led them to a huge pile of rocks, up which they with much difficulty clambered; and, entering the hollow of a monstrous tree upon the summit, they quickly descended into an immense labyrinth of caverns, where without a guide they might have wandered unsuccessfully, and at length have only found famine and destruction. But long initiated in the mysteries of this intricate place, Diego conducted them in safety; and leading them through

an iron grating (of such ingenious, yet terrible, mechanism, that a complete knowledge only of its formation could conduct you through it without the absolute certainty of being crushed to atoms by its innumerable barbed wheels), they entered a long cavern, from which they passed into a defile that wound upwards through immense rocks; and when they reached the summit of this winding and steep acclivity they found themselves hanging over a tremendous precipice, in an apparently illimitable cavern, over the vale of which a torrent of water rushed impetuously along, forming into innumerable foaming cataracts in its course, every moment spouting up its phrensied surges with frightful violence to a considerable height, or turning with dreadful velocity in angry whirlpools.

The first of the formidable troop who reached this horrid precipice, shuddering at the scene before them, were about to retire, believing Diego had mistaken the way, as no possible method of further progress appeared to them, except into the fangs of destruction. But their faithful guide, desiring them not to doubt his being equal to the task he had undertaken, pulled an iron ring concealed among the rocks, and immediately a dreadful reverberated clang was heard, astounding to the ears, and making even inquisitors tremble; and all were rushing back, in horrid dismay, when the entreaties and assurances of Diego induced them to exert sufficient courage to wait the event of their alarmed expectations. At length slowly and awfully an iron draw-bridge descended from its concealment in the roof, and fixed itself stedfastly upon the rock where they stood, and they soon found the chains of this and the ponderous iron-work, rattling in the descent, had caused these horrid sounds, by the magic of echo re-iterating them with loud and hollow din from rock to rock.

All now passing this bridge, and descending a short but steep declivity on the opposite side, they soon found themselves in the vaults of that castle so long the dread and scourge of Catalonia, and so justly deemed inaccessible even to the Inquisition. From the vaults easy was their progress; and after mounting a few stairs that wound round the western tower, and passing through two or three small apartments and long passages, all separated from each other by secret ways Diego and Thomas only could have led them through, this tremendous body at last safely arrived in the great hall, in solemn procession, steady, resolved, and silent as the grave, in the moment that the clock in the dome above them struck the fifth hour. It sounded majestically slow; but loud, sweet, and awfully impressive was its tone. It seemed to toll the knell of the innocent beings who had been murdered in that place—the signal for the extirpation of vice, and the triumph of justice and virtue. Something of religious awe struck on the hearts of all; the whole troop on the same instant ceased to move; and all covered their faces in solemn reverence, influenced by the same idea—a belief that the eye of the Omnipresent was fixed upon them.

The monks of St. Lewis and our heroine had from the same impulse meekly sunk upon their knees: and after offering up their devout petitions for success, they all arose about the same time; Victoria, stedfast in her belief of divine interposition; and father Pierre, firm in faith, to break the awful pause, and lead his forces on to action.

The torches which had lit them through the caverns were now all carefully extinguished, and dark lanterns substituted, as corresponding

more with secrecy and caution; and the whole troop were instantly and silently divided into three detachments. One was to remain stationary in the hall, to guard the passes around them; while the second, guided by Thomas, proceeded to the chamber of Garcias; and the third, led on by Diego and father Pierre, hastened to the apartments of don Manuel. And during this interval it would be utterly impossible for the feeble pen of the present historian to pourtray the agitation of our poor heroine; left without support, save her own firmness and reliance upon Heaven, with a multitude of armed and terror-inspiring men, in the hall of that castle where her sufferings had been so dreadful, and where the dæmoniac appearance of those who now surrounded her recalled every past horror to her remembrance. But those were only corporeal apprehensions, striking with tremulous hand on the chords of personal courage, and faded into nothing when compared to her mental feelings. On the success of those who had in the terrible array of death and destruction just stolen off, like the midnight thief or secret assassin, to assail vice in her own habitation, depended the fate of Urbino: on their victory hung the thread of her existence. Well was she aware of the power and number of don Manuel's myrmidons, even formidable to her as the host of the Inquisition; and though her firm reliance upon the goodness of Heaven inspired the most flattering thrills of hope, the frailty of mortality still industriously presented to her sickening fancy every fear that could agonise her tortured heart.

To pourtray the feelings of Diego's susceptible heart from the moment he became the guide of the Inquisition into the castle, but more immediately during the moments of his passage from the hall to the chamber of don Manuel, would be a task of greater difficulty still. The pious Carthusians had presented to him every argument that could be deduced from religion and morality, to reconcile him to the act of betraying don Manuel, and convince him that vice had no claims on virtue; and that the latter must break all bonds with the former before it could become pure and perfect. Diego's reason readily subscribed to their doctrines. He was convinced they were just. He received in due form absolution for his breaking his oath of fealty to his master, and undertook all that was required of him. But still his heart rebelled: it was torn by contending passions; it was at war with its own feelings: for the arguments of the monks had not subdued his affection for and gratitude to don Manuel, whose crimes he had ever detested, even while he participated in them. But that subtile man had won his love before his judgment had ripened to maturity; and he then believed the fund of gratitude ought to be unceasing for rescuing him from misery and bondage: and gratitude had interwoven itself into the very stamina of Diego's heart before he was aware that the obligation don Manuel had conferred upon him was merely changing the nature of his captivity, and saving his body from cruel treatment to plunge his soul into eternal misery. The predilections imbibed in early life are not easily eradicated; and the path of duty, when not entered with every feeling of inclination, is deprived of half its sweets. That not-to-be-extinguished partiality for don Manuel now flashed its fiery rays of upbraiding upon the susceptible soul of Diego; and he would have refused to proceed, and have braved all the tortures of the offended Inquisition, had not the purer unalloy-

ed flame of gratitude and attachment to the family of Ariosto led him on. But, as he approached don Manuel's chamber, he felt the trepidation of his heart pervading his whole frame: yes, the brave Diego trembled; for he was compelled by duty to betray a man whom he loved, to all the horrors of the Inquisition. But still he hoped to save him; for, with all his crimes, Diego fondly believed there was some genial soil for penitence about him yet: and with tremulous hand, and unseen by all but Pierre, he touched a kind of silent alarum which communicated with don Manuel's bed, and was intended to apprise him of the immediate approach of danger, and give him time to escape by one of those secret passages with which the castle abounded.

Diego now pointed to don Manuel's door. The officials instantly burst in. Diego followed with faultering steps, and with a countenance pale as the shade of death. But casting his anxious fearing eyes around, and knowing by the appearance of the apartment that don Manuel had not occupied it that night, and was consequently absent from the castle, the fugitive blood returned to his cheeks,—the fire of animation flashed from his before haggard eyes—his step became firm—his mien erect; Diego beamed a sweet smile of heartfelt satisfaction, and was himself again.

Don Manuel's chamber having undergone the most minute inspection, Diego led the officials into every chamber usually inhabited in that district of the castle, as well as into those which were not: but not a being could be found; while many of the rooms bore the appearance of having been occupied that very night, and, by the scattered garments, gave evident reason to suppose they had been precipitately abandoned by the inhabitants; which introduuced suspicion of the faith of the Inquisition into the mind of the pious though not bigoted Pierre. But prudence suffered not his thoughts to wander from the confines of his own breast: while Diego, in painful amazement, doubted not their having been betrayed; and that don Manuel's forces were then encompassing the castle, possessed of every pass; in which case the host of the Inquisition were doomed to inevitable destruction. His dreadful apprehensions Diego hesitated not to communicate to those with him; who all subscribing to the reasonableness of his fears, instantly participated in them; and, in dismay and consternation, precipitately returned to the hall, to consult with their associates upon those strokes of generalship that could possibly be attempted to extricate them from the destruction that probably awaited them, just as Thomas and his troop returned, after a search equally unsuccessful as their own.

By this time Aurora had raised the thin veil of morn so high, that the golden beams of the great orb of day were beginning to emanate their glowing rays from beneath it; and, dispersing the grey gloom of twilight, enabled Diego and a reconnoitring party to make observations from the battlements and ramparts, where not a sentinel of don Manuel's was now visible: when Diego, finding every reason to believe his presaging fears were groundless, returned to the hall with the glad tidings of safety; and it was then agreed to proceed immediately to the dungeons, to liberate the hapless captives.

Gonzalvo's apartments too were abandoned, and in great disorder; his trunks and cupboards all open, and stripped of every valuable: whilst on the floor and tables lay clothes, books, and papers scattered;

and among which the keys of the dungeons were found. Torches were again lit; and a large detachment attended Diego to strike off the fetters of cruelty; to give light, life, liberty, and joy, to the children of misery and bondage.

CHAP. XXXVII.

EVERY nerve and artery in Thomas's frame now throbbed with the remembrance that he was a Briton; and on the impetuous wings of national feeling he was flying to give what he deemed the first of blessings, liberty, to his fellow-creatures, when affection to Urbino arrested his flight, and placed him by the side of Victoria to guard her from harm, whom he believed his lamented captain prized beyond existence—for our heroine was among those hastening to the dungeons. But the poignancy of her feelings, now she believed her fate approaching its crisis, so agitated her trembling frame, that vain would have been every effort to proceed had not the friendly arm of Thomas been ready to sustain her. And now, when descended into the passage leading to these dreadful cells, where horror and cruelty had long kept vigil, it would be impossible to pourtray her sensations. Each cell that was opened, each plaintive voice that murmured out for mercy, racked her panting heart to direst torture. Hope flattering her with the belief of finding Urbino in the newly-opened cell; that hope each moment sadly disappointed; the frantic joy or mournful apathy displayed by the emancipated captives, many of whom had for years been consigned to misery and despair—all struck too powerfully upon her sensibility for long endurance; and, quite subdued, she entreated Thomas to lead her back to the hall, lest her feelings would betray her: and at the moment Thomas was about to obey her, a door was opened, which discovered a female captive kneeling on a truss of straw; when Victoria rushing forward, almost deprived of reason by joy and amazement, clasped to her agitated breast seignora Octavia, who, dreadfully alarmed by the commotions in the dungeons, was supplicating Heaven for protection; when roused by astonishment from her invocation, and pushing back the monkish cowl to see who clasped her so fervently to a palpitating heart, discovered to the wondering beholders the beautiful head of our heroine.

Father Pierre and Diego were now in the utmost consternation. What a scene for the gentle spirits and delicate frame of lady Victoria to be engaged in! Severely they condemned her temerity, and trembled for its effects; and whilst pausing to consider what plan they ought to pursue, one of the inquisitors, whose face was entirely shaded by the cowl appropriate to the habit, glided by Diego, saying as he passed in a low and hollow voice—

'Convey lady Victoria to the apartments of Sebastian, where you will find Teresa.'

Diego's powers of action were for a moment suspended by astonishment; while the inquisitor, mingling with the crowd, soon was lost to Diego's scrutinising eye. Conjecture at length giving way to certainty, Diego hastened to do as he was directed; and, taking Victoria in his arms, requested father Pierre to conduct signora Bernini; and desiring Thomas to stay with the officials to guide them to the secret cells, and to bring immediate intelligence to them in Sebastian's apartments, if any of those whom they so anxiously sought for were found, he proceeded to the hall.

A flood of tears coming to Vic-

toria's relief, she was soon sufficiently recovered to walk with the support of Diego's arm; and drawing the cowl over her face to save her from the further gaze of the men, they passed into the hall: where Diego, fearing some treachery might lurk beneath the mysterious inquisitor's habit, ordered a detachment of the troops to attend him in exploring the apartments of Sebastian before he would suffer Victoria to enter them: and, upon examination, finding all safe, he led our heroine, Octavia, and father Pierre, into a spacious room, which had been the study and eating parlour of Sebastian. Adjoining it were two good chambers, which had been occupied by himself and his beloved Theodore. Here they found the poor agitated Teresa in pitiable dismay; although the sight of Diego, and the succinct account he had given her of her captivity being ended, had restored in some degree the powers of her mind, which were before almost lost in wild affright. And here the prudent Diego thought Victoria and Octavia might remain secluded from those heterogeneous beings now in such numbers in the castle; and as of the conduct of the captives in particular they could possibly form no judgment, they being of all nations and of all descriptions of people, and were to remain in the castle until the Inquisition thought proper to dismiss them, he wished Victoria to continue in a detached apartment, secured from interruption or annoyance in any shape, as long as she should choose to remain in the castle, where he fervently wished her rashness had not led her.

The poor appalled Teresa allowed Victoria to enter the room unheeded by her, as her face was covered; but the moment she beheld Octavia she wildly shrieked, and, tottering towards the good monk and Victoria, earnestly implored them to exorcise the spirit of the poor murdered donna. With difficulty was she convinced of Bernini's being substance; and her joy and astonishment could only be equalled by her former terror, when Victoria, raising her cowl, discovered herself to the affectionate old woman, and entreated to know if she could give them any account of Sebastian or his companions?

'I have not seen seignior Sebastian, or any one belonging to him, since last I beheld you, dear donna,' replied the still trembling Teresa. 'I was imprisoned by that fiend Garcias to torment you, sweet lady! and not till after your escape was I liberated. One captive only has been brought hither since your escape; but that was a lady, poor thing! young, and almost as beautiful as you are.'

'Matilda!' exclaimed Victoria in pitiable agitation: 'Matilda! was it not? Oh! speak, dearest Teresa! and tell us where to find her.'

'Alas! I know not: for don Manuel in a fit of rage at her wayward humour (for she was not like you in temper) dragged her from the library three days ago, and I never beheld her, never heard of her, since.'

Victoria in silent sorrow dropped the fast-flowing tears of pity, grief, and disappointment, upon the bosom of the sympathising Octavia; whilst Diego eagerly demanded, if don Manuel had disappeared at the same time?

'Oh, no:' she replied. 'He supped here but last night; and about twelve we were all dismayed and astounded by that subterraneous thunder, ever of horrid omen. But last night it sounded, I thought, more dreadful than I had ever heard it; and, almost frantic with fear, I rushed after Juan into the great hall

at the moment a tall spectre, clad in black flowing robes, enveloped in blue flames, glided into the parlour to my master. I beheld no more: for overcome by terror I fell into a swoon, and on my recovery from it found myself in this room, from whence I have not dared to move.'

Further inquiries were now prevented by the sound of loud huzzas re-echoing through the dome of the hall. The tide of new-raised hope rushing through Victoria's heart was almost too powerful for her to bear; and she sickened with joyful expectation as the noise, approaching, issued from the library, when she perfectly recognised the voice of Thomas shouting above the rest, in all the ecstasy of enthusiastic joy. Assured now, beyond all doubt, that Urbino was found, and that in one moment more she should behold him, a thrill of modest shame trembled through her agitated bosom, blushing for the unequivocal proofs of affection her conduct had evinced for a man she believed now for ever devoted to another. She drew her cowl over her face to hide her burning blushes; she wished herself at St. Marguerite's, or even with Ursuline and Roselia, until an idea suggested itself which she eagerly cherished. 'May not all I have done be attributed to gratitude? Oh! it surely may; for Urbino did more for me.' Then starting from Octavia's arms, and throwing back the cowl, she darted forward to welcome Urbino to liberty and life, as Thomas entered the room bellowing with joyful triumph, and dancing in the most grotesque manner some steps of a hornpipe he had learned in England when a boy, to the great risk and alarm of the venerable Anselmo, whom he bore on his shoulders, which he now heaved up and down like the undulating billows of his own element.

'Hoîst every flag, for joy has boarded us,' cried he vociferously. 'Part of our precious convoy retaken.—Found the poor shattered hulk in the gulf of limbo! D—n my eyes if ever I was so afloat with glee! So I heaved the old vessel up, and bore away as fast as the wind and tide of joy could drift me, to cast all the cares on board the lady Victoria to the devil who made them. So now let the dear, kind, little fluttering heart of her stand off for the harbour of peace and rest; for the remainder of our glorious fleet cannot be much abaft. So, do you see, I'll be getting under weigh to cruise for them, now I know their course.' And away Thomas strode, singing, or rather roaring, an old English sea ballad, leaving Victoria ashamed of her inhumanity. She could not rejoice as she felt she ought to rejoice on beholding the good Anselmo, who had been kind to her in the hour of distress, rescued from misery and bondage. But the dearest hope of her life his appearance had disappointed; and she felt almost angry, almost envious of the favour of Heaven thus partially shown to him; for a moment conceiving that his good fortune was injuring Urbino. But these ideas were only momentary: she blushed for human nature, and, shuddering at her own presumption, invoked the forgiveness of unerring Heaven; and, bursting into tears of penitence, pressed the old man's cold and trembling hand to her lips, and with all the cordiality of genuine satisfaction welcomed his restoration to liberty and happiness.

The immediate realising of Victoria's new-raised hope was disappointed by the appearance of Anselmo; but yet the flattering soother still whispered to her throbbing heart firm faith in the predictions of Thomas. But too soon this hope was

taught to glow with less confidence, since the pious Anselmo could give no intelligence of his hapless companions. They had been together dragged from the goatherd's cot; but when they entered the subterraneous passages of the castle he was separated from conte Urbino and Sebastian, and conveyed to that noisome dungeon, from whence the Inquisition had, through the mercy of Heaven, liberated him; nor during his miserable captivity had he been able to obtain any tidings of these his lamented friends.

The wreath of hope that had twined itself round Victoria's heart, and had each hour been putting forth new blossoms since she entered Catalonia, now was blighted, bud by bud, as new moments passed away; and at length withered in the ungenial soil of disappointment and despair, when, towards the close of day, every known spot of the castle, its grounds, ramparts, and the shipping belonging to it, had undergone the most minute scrutiny, and, although many wretched victims were found in the most secret prisons, neither Urbino, Sebastian, nor Matilda, could be traced. Victoria had herself, to the amazement of Thomas and Diego, led the officials into the church, every part of which was examined with as much eagerness and care as if the lives of all depended upon finding those they sought; so much had the youth, beauty, and sweetness of manners, with the courage and affection our heroine had evinced in the pursuit of her husband, interested every beholder. But no one could they find, or any communication between the church and any other place could they discover, except those Victoria was acquainted with. The great folding doors which she had hoped to escape by were with much labour and difficulty forced open; but through them they could not penetrate into the forest, time having raised barriers of trees and brambles, which, after the most determined exertions, were found impassable.

This investigation of the church deeply probed by tender remembrance every bleeding wound in the bosom of Victoria to direst torture, and she returned to Sebastian's study the wan and woeful child of anguish. But though she found it was the universal opinion that those they sought were massacred, or removed from the castle, a strong and invincible persuasion arose in her mind that they were still concealed in some undiscovered prison, perishing for want of sustenance. And the more her friends wished to argue her out of this belief, the more bigoted she became to it; and vain was every effort to dispel a thought that stood firm as her reliance upon Heaven; and fruitless also was every attempt to induce her to quit the castle, and to rejoin seignora Ursuline at Cadaques.

The inquisitors having much business to transact relative to the captives and property found there before they could depart, our heroine determined to remain as long as they did, and continue her agonising search; and father Anselmo, having in some degree imbibed her opinions and presentiment, prevailed upon the officials and her friends to offer no opposition but advice to her desire of staying. But as father Pierre and Octavia much wished her to quit a scene so torturing to her sensibility, and destructive to her peace, they failed not to avail themselves of the privilege of advising; and while they were strongly urging her departure, the same inquisitor who had so surprised Diego glided by her, softly saying, unheard by all but her ——

'Quit not the castle until the fate of your husband is ascertained.'

The arguments Victoria had be-

fore listened to without conviction now no longer arrested her attention; they talked unheard by her; for the inquisitor's words had given fresh tortures to her soul, since she doubted not but this mysterious man had some potent reason for his solemn mandate to her. And now every horror that cruelty could encompass Urbino with arose in dreadful array to her terrified imagination. But, while her heart sickened with a load of anticipated ills, it, like Pandora's box, still contained hope lurking at the bottom; and eagerly she sought for and obtained an opportunity of speaking to this man of mystery unobserved.

'Tell me, I conjure you, tell me,' she said, " have you reason to suppose Urbino is really in the castle?'

Cautiously he looked around before he answered, 'I have.'

'Oh! where? where?' she cried. 'If the sweet beams of humanity e'er warmed your breast, delay not to tell me where.'

'I have reason to believe that he is in some secret prison of this infernal castle; but where, alas! I know not; yet am as anxious as yourself to find him.'

Victoria's head sunk, overwhelmed by disappointment, on her bosom, which heaved convulsively with the pangs of sorrow. The inquisitor paused: at length he spoke—

'Have you sufficient love for Urbino, your gallant preserver, your suffering husband, to venture with me alone, and in the dead of night, unknown to any other mortal, to explore secret and dangerous places in search of him?'

'I have,' said Victoria firmly; although shaken to the very vitals of sensibility.

'Then in the dead of night expect me:—but remember, if you reveal a syllable of what has passed between us, or impart to any one our meditated nocturnal search, your life and Urbino's shall be the forfeit of your imprudence.' Then vanishing among the officials, Victoria beheld him no more that evening.

Supper was served for Victoria and her immediate friends in the study of Sebastian; and influenced by the hopes her meditated nocturnal search inspired, she forced herself to take nourishment, with a view to sustain her through any toil she might have to encounter: and still assuring her friends she would not, for some days at least, depart from the castle, it was determined that Diego, with an escort, should the following morning proceed to Cadaques, to relieve the anxiety of seignora Ursuline and Roselia relative to Victoria, and conduct them to her if they would venture to the castle.

It was while sitting after supper this evening that Victoria, wishing to preserve the firmness of her mind by diverting it from some doubts relative to the inquisitor, which, in despite of every effort to subdue, were fast arising, requested Octavia to relate all that had occurred to her after her mysterious disappearance; and how she had been restored to life after wearing so dreadfully the semblance of death.

Octavia Bernini was a woman of strong understanding, and was gifted with a fluency of language seldom equalled; but if her conversation had a fault, it was that of describing too minutely every event, and decking in all the flowers of rhetoric even the most trivial circumstances. Her narrative, consequently, was long and tedious, though eloquently delivered: therefore, for the sake of brevity, we will

present it to our readers in our own simple unadorned language, as we have still to relate matters which we trust they will find more interesting; and also from the omniscious power which authorship possesses, we can relate both causes and effects, whilst the inferior knowledge of Octavia only allowed her to speak of the latter.

'Overpowered by a strong soporific, which had been mingled by Juan in her food, and of which both Victoria and Hero had partaken, Octavia did not awake until late in the morning, after her bed had been conveyed, by means of a sinking floor ingeniously contrived for such a purpose, from the apartment where Victoria slept into a small lumber-room beneath it. Her consternation and dismay were great, as may well be imagined, when she perceived what had been effected during her heavy sleep.

'Fears for her own immediate safety were soon dispelled on perceiving her baggage had been removed along with her; but the circumstance of her removal, and the mystery attending it, she instantly conceived portentous of impending evil to Victoria.

'In this melancholy prison, without employment and without society, she passed day after day, attended by a savage fear-inspiring ruffian, who in impenetrable silence regularly supplied her with food. At length, one day Garcias entered her prison, with a cup containing a liquid, which, notwithstanding her piteous entreaties and vehement struggles, he, aided by her jailor, forced her to drink. Believing that she had swallowed a deadly poison, she recommended her soul to Heaven, and threw herself upon her bed, where almost immediately she felt insensiblity stealing over her faculties.

'The diabolical practices of Garcias had led him to an acquaintance with a drug which gave to the human frame the appearance of death for some hours after it was taken; and to weak constitutions he had often found it prove fatal: but to him that was no impediment to the use of it whenever he required its assistance.

'In as short a time as he expected, the respiration of Octavia became imperceptible; her joints stiffened, her complexion assumed a cadaverous hue, and the chill of death sat on the surface of her body: and in this state, clad in a shroud, and disfigured with gore in representation of ghastly wounds, she was conveyed to the bed where our affrighted heroine discovered her. In her struggles against swallowing the nauseous potion, some of it was lost: its power did not continue so long, therefore, as Garcias expected, and its dreadful influence began to recede from her heart at the moment her deadly groans appalled Victoria.

'Severe were the sufferings of Octavia whilst the power of the noxious drug was evaporating; but her moans disturbing conte Vicenza, who lay ill of his wound in the other bed, she was conveyed back to her prison; and many days elapsed before she could leave her bed, and many more before she was perfectly recovered from the effect of the somniferous draught. At length, when her feelings were quite restored to their natural energy, she was removed by the hand of wanton cruelty to that noisome dungeon from whence the power of the Inquisition had set her free.'

(To be continued.)

ACCOUNT *of the* CHARACTER *and* MANNERS *of the* INHABITANTS *of* BATAVIA.

[*Extracted from the Letter of a German Officer residing there.*]

PEOPLE in Europe entertain in general very strange and very erroneous notions of the East Indies. They seem to think that money may be picked up in the highways, and that all the shores are strewed with pearls and diamonds. But they are greatly mistaken; for, alas! a man must earn his bread here by the sweat of his brow, according to the original curse, as well as in Europe. The East Indies have long ceased to be to adventurers what they formerly were. As we are told by divines that every thing in the moral world grows continually worse, I can assure them that it does so in the mercantile world, at least in this part of it. There are but two ways of making a fortune here—either by a very lucrative office or by commerce, or by both together;—and each is attended with numerous difficulties. Among a thousand who come hither, scarcely fifty live; and of these fifty not more than five or six make their fortunes.

But what is the case, it may, perhaps, be asked, with military persons? The state of the military here in Asia is very different from what it is in Europe. In Europe a military man does not serve merely for the sake of pay; he hopes in time to be advanced: whereas, here, the principal thing attended to is money; and it is indifferent whether it he gained under the title of an ensign or a colonel. He that has money, let him be whom or what he may, is sure to be treated with respect. In this part of the world things are entirely otherwise from what they are with you. Many an ensign who has only the command of a single post would not change his station with any captain in Batavia. A captain's pay is here about four thousand florins (four hundred pounds sterling) a year; but this bears no proportion to the expence he must be at on account of his rank. He must unavoidably keep a carriage, which will not cost him less than fifteen hundred florins; besides which he must have a numerous retinue of slaves, and every other part of his establishment must be in a suitable style. An ensign is already ashamed of walking on foot, notwithstanding all kinds of conveyance are in this place most extravagantly dear. The hire of a chariot for half a day is five, and for a whole day ten, florins. This expence, indeed, may be avoided by him who has good friends and patrons who keep equipages. An ensign here receives about forty-two rix-dollars per month: on which, however, a person cannot subsist at Batavia, if he is desirous to take care of his health, which requires that he should every day drink a bottle of wine and some beer; for to drink water alone is extremely unwholesome, though one may do with wine and water mixed. As beer is not brewed and the vine does not grow here, the price of both is very high. The quart of wine costs at least sixteen stivers, and the quart of beer the same. A bad uniform, without either scarf or gorget, such as the officers wear upon guard, costs at least a hundred and fifty rix-dollars. An officer, except when on duty, is ashamed to appear in a simple uniform: on other occasions nothing but silk clothes are worn, and these embroidered all over with gold or silver. In Germany an officer may live frugally in retirement, and with-

out attracting notice: but he cannot do so here; for if he attempts it he must submit to be accounted a man devoid of either ambition or spirit, and one who is supported by insignificant patronage; in which case he may remain in the place he has obtained, but must never expect to make his fortune.

In what manner, then, must an officer act, in order to make a becoming figure; and how can a foreigner, like me, without adequate means, contrive to maintain himself? I will tell you. People here are not so simple but that they know that nobody who has money in plenty goes to the East Indies. Who would undertake a voyage so long and dangerous in order to live in such a scorching and unwholsome place as Batavia is—of which I shall presently give you a further account—unless impelled by necessity? Yet such as conduct themselves well, and are well recommended, find themselves here very much at their ease. When a young man has been once introduced, he is soon invited to the tables of all the principal persons in Batavia. So great is their hospitality, that it is almost impossible to decline any invitation. Though I have only been here a very short time, I am already at home in several houses. I sit down every day to a plentiful table noon and evening, drink a cheerful glass of wine and beer, and thus am entertained in a manner which the preservation of my health requires without any expence. It is always at my own choice with whom I will dine or sup; and have nothing further to do than to send word in the morning that they may send the carriage for me, which will likewise bring me home. Were I to remain in Batavia, therefore, I could subsist extremely well; but then I should lay by nothing, and could not obtain any permanent advantage. My first endeavour will then be to get some kind of a situation in which I may wait an opportunity of procuring another more profitable.

The climate of Batavia, however, is so unwholesome, that I fear I must seek a situation elsewhere, though it will be at no great distance from it; for in most parts of the vicinity, and in several of the other islands of Java, the air is very healthy. In the town itself it is not uncommon, after having dined with a friend and left him cheerful and hearty, on calling at his house three days afterwards, to learn that he was buried that morning. Such events happen here continually. It even makes a considerable difference in what quarter of the town a person resides. That in which I lodge is esteemed one of the most healthy. Scarcely one of a thousand who comes hither escapes for any length of time some mortal disease; and whoever does not take freely his wine every day, must die, though his constitution were strong as iron. Of the officers who are here from one end of the year to the other at least the half are sick; and it cannot be accounted extraordinary should thirty die within the twelvemonth, so that promotion is very rapid. At Batavia a man must follow the same diet when he is well, that he does in Europe when he is sick, or he will not last long. He must be careful that the sun does not shine upon him by day nor the moon by night. My landlord, who has now been seven years in Batavia, and in these seven years has scarcely been six months in perfect health, assures me that he becomes immediately faint if the moon does but shine on him, however little. Nobody, therefore, stirs out by moonlight, without taking a slave with him to carry a *paralune* over his

head. It is the same with the heats of the sun from ten in the morning till three in the afternoon. These must be carefully shunned, the sun-beams being extremely fierce and penetrating. There are many other things which must be cautiously observed, in order to maintain health.

For several days I have not been able to write a line, on account of the number of visits I have had to pay, which consume both morning and evening. The mode of life here is very different from what it is in Europe. I will briefly describe it. People rise at break of day; and since the day and night are here equal, or nearly so, the difference is not much. It is commonly near six o'clock before it is quite day, but by five they are already up; at which time they commonly dress, drink coffee, and smoke a pipe of tobacco. Whoever has business to do enters upon it about six, and whoever has visits to make begins them about the same time; and this is the best time of speaking with any one, even the governor-general. About nine nobody is any longer seen in the streets, unless his business is very urgent; as then the heat is become very violent. Until noon every person retires to that part of the house, or before the door, where it is coolest. Precisely at twelve o'clock dinner is served up; at which they do not sit longer than an hour, or at most an hour and a half. After dinner they take another pipe of tobacco, and a glass or two of wine or beer; after which every one wishes the rest a good nap, and each retires to rest as regularly as at night. This lasts till after four or five, and during this time no person in all Batavia is to be spoken with. From five to six is passed in drinking tea; after which they proceed again to business, or go into company till nine. At nine they sit down to supper, which is always as substantial a meal as that at noon. Thus they pass day after day throughout the year, and in this manner every person who wishes to preserve his health must live. To indulge in the excesses too usual in Europe would soon make an end of life.

Would to Heaven it were not so dreadfully hot! Day nor night I have not a dry thread about me, though I sleep with nothing on but my shirt, and have no bed-clothes over me. I often anxiously exclaim —Oh! when will winter come! without reflecting that there is here no winter. What is called winter is only a continual rain for three or four months; notwithstanding which it is still very warm, and when the sun shines after the rain it is hotter than in summer. The greatest number of deaths happen in what is called the winter season, the rainy weather being particularly noxious and unhealthy.

What a decided superiority does the greater part, at least, of Europe enjoy above the other three parts of the world with respect to climate and health! Hence is it that scarcely any person comes from Europe to take up his residence here, except for the purpose of making a fortune, which he means to return with and enjoy. Had Heaven prospered my endeavours in this way to my wish, I would cheerfully again commit myself for some months to the rage of the merciless seas. The accumulation of a competent fortune is not, however, so speedily effected as is imagined in Europe. Beginnings are always difficult everywhere, and so they are here, especially in the military stations, except it be war-time, or, as I observed before, a man has a post long as commandant, and this he

must obtain, as opportunity may present itself, by means of a patron: for so many are recommended from the Hague to the governor-general, that it is impossible for him to encourage all alike.

The method of proceeding by those who go as commanders from Holland to India, is as follows. About thirty ships go out annually from Holland to India, each of which has on board a commander. Such of these commanders as have recommendations—of whom I was one—are placed as officers, first in Batavia, or on the isle of Ceylon, or on Java, or on some other island where there happens to be a vacancy. Till then he remains exempt from service. When an outpost becomes vacant, and a person has the interest which I have, he may easily obtain it. It is not long since one of these out-posts was given to a person who had not been here above a year. It is by no means improbable that I might have obtained it, if I had come out somewhat sooner. I have a patron of very considerable influence in mynheer Sabaudar Reyest; for he is in great favour with his high-nobleness, which is the title given to the governor-general, Vander Parra. The members of the council of India are styled noble lords. Every one else is only called mynheer: which extends even to the officers. It is not the custom to say mynheer hauptman (captain); mynheer lieutenant; but simply mynheer. The title of the governor-general's lady is *mefffrouw generalife*; of a counsellor's lady, *mefffrouw*; and all other ladies are called *juffrouws*, whether they be married or not. The epithets *gracious*, *your grace*, &c. are unknown both in Holland and in India; and the governor-general, as well as his lady, would be not a little offended, and esteem it as a gross flattery, to be addressed by the titles of *grace* and *gracious*; but those which correspond to goodness and kindness are readily admitted.

You perceive that I vary my subjects, and write of them as they happen to occur to me. You will pardon any want of method; for the weather is so intolerably hot, that nothing like labour can be endured. I must write perfectly at my ease, or not at all. Batavia is a very grand town, and strongly fortified. I doubt whether there is a town in Europe composed of such magnificent houses, arranged with equal regularity. Yet the splendor of their external appearance is not to be compared to that displayed within them. The rich and costly furniture which in Europe is only to be seen in royal and princely mansions is here found in the houses of all persons of rank. Every thing glitters with gold and silver.

An ensign, who, about a week ago, married an Indian girl, assured me that the expences of the wedding amounted at the least to five thousand rix-dollars; and the furniture, slaves, and other appendages, without reckoning the house, stood him in upwards of twenty thousand rix-dollars: yet he is only an ensign. It indeed requires some degree of courage to marry an Indian girl: for, in the first place, you must be contented to fix your abode in this country; secondly, these ladies have not the slightest tincture of education or any kind of learning, so that you are not to expect any thing like a companion in them; thirdly, they are addicted to a custom which I cannot at any rate endure—they are constantly chewing, from morning to night, a kind of root called here *pinang*, which yields a red juice, that is continually flow-

ing down from the corners of their mouths; and this to an European is extremely disgusting. From this habit it is as impossible to wean them, as it is to prevail upon me to lay aside the use of tobacco. They speak but little Dutch, and scarcely any other language than Malayan. They are strange creatures, and their dress and behaviour are stranger still.

The place, indeed, abounds with human curiosities. Here are a great variety of natives of different nations, especially Chinese. I have even a Chinese for my barber. He shaves extremely well, and makes a thousand grimaces, and throws himself into numberless fantastic attitudes while he is performing the operation; but I do not understand a word he says. It is the same with all the slaves who wait on me. I am obliged to make myself understood as well as I can by gestures and signs, or get my landlord to act as interpreter for me.

Yesterday evening I partook of a kind of amusement which I have never known any-where practised in so complete a manner as at Batavia. I was invited to supper by Mr. G———, a native of Z——, who has married the daughter of the late brigadier Faber, to whom, as I mentioned to you before, I was strongly recommended by mynheer Van Preke. About eleven o'clock, when we were on the point of separating, Mr. G——— proposed to the company, which consisted of about fifty persons, to make a little excursion. This was immediately assented to by all present, and in less than half an hour there were not fewer than thirty chariots before the door; for coaches are not used here, being found inconvenient. Each chariot was attended by two slaves carrying lighted torches, rendering the street as light as if it had been broad day. Three bands of music—the performers likewise all slaves, one band going before, another in the middle, and the third behind—serenaded us as we proceeded. Two slaves likewise accompanied each chariot, to present wine and various kinds of refreshments to the persons in it. In this manner we proceeded, at a slow pace, to the town, between rows of trees on either side. This expedition lasted two hours, at the end of which the carriages conveyed us all to our respective homes. This little after-piece cost our landlord at least a hundred and fifty dollars; but this sum is thought nothing of at Batavia, by persons who, like this gentleman, enjoy lucrative posts. Upon those who are rich money flows in on every side; but beginners must encounter many difficulties, and work hard.

To the Editor *of the* Lady's Magazine.

'Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.'
Gray.

Sir,

AMONG the various phenomena of the human mind, there are not any that more excite our interest than the developement of uncommon powers of intellect by its own native energy: and if it happen that the moral has kept equal pace with the mental progress, our esteem is engaged at the same time that our admiration is excited. An extraordinary instance of this kind having lately fallen under my observation, I beg leave, through the channel of your widely-circulated Magazine, to communicate a few of

the particulars to your readers; being persuaded that there are many whom the story will interest, some whose mistaken ideas of the vast superiority of wealth and station it may help to correct, and a few, perhaps, to whom it may open new sources of consolation in the day of sorrow and distress.

A few weeks ago, a copy of verses was put into my hands by a young woman, a friend of the writer's; who said she had called upon poor Charlotte Richardson, and finding her weeping, and writing about the death of her husband, had taken the verses away, for she thought that studying and writing made her worse: adding, 'but I have brought them to shew you, they are such pretty lines.' Upon reading them, I was entirely of this young woman's opinion, that they were indeed pretty lines—that they evinced great sensibility of heart, a mind softened and refined by the benign influence of genuine piety, and enlarged and elevated by the hopes and promises of the Gospel: and I was the more astonished, having known Charlotte Richardson from her infancy, and being perfectly convinced that neither the education she had received nor the subsequent situations in which she had been placed could possibly have supplied any of the ordinary means of mental cultivation. I enquired if she had written any thing more: and a small manuscript book of poems was put into my hands, many of which had so much merit—not, indeed, as faultless pieces of poetry, but as the simple effusions of a very feeling and a pious mind—that I determined to make a selection from them to publish by subscription, for the author's benefit.

At first it was merely my intention to obtain subscriptions from a few friends; but it being suggested to me, that, by means of your Magazine, a wider range might perhaps be taken, I shall first trouble you with an outline of the author's history, and afterwards subjoin a specimen of her poetry.

Charlotte Richardson was born in the city of York, in March, 1775, and was early distinguished for her quickness and docility by the conductors of a Sunday school; and, three years afterwards, a vacancy happening in what is denominated the grey-coat school (from the uniform worn by the children), she was admitted into it. In this school the girls, being intended for working servants, are kept very close to the worsted wheel, the line wheel, and to every branch of domestic education; and are merely taught to read their Bible, and so much writing and arithmetic as shall enable them to keep an ordinary account. She left the school in July, 1790—having attained her sixteenth year; was placed in service; and soon afterwards lost her mother, the only parent she had ever known. In her first three services she was not well treated, and encountered many difficulties; but at length the writer of this article was instrumental in recommending her to a cook-maid's place in the small family of a widow lady, where she received four pounds yearly wages, and where her good qualities were more duly appreciated. She continued in this place some years, during which time she lost her only brother. This unfortunate youth had been rendered a cripple by a blow received in childhood: he was afterwards bound apprentice to a shoemaker, was very cruelly treated by his master, and at length found an asylum in the city poor-house, where he died. Here, in the poor-house, he was visited, as often as

she could obtain leave of her mistress, by his affectionate sister and only friend; who unceasingly endeavoured to pour the balm of consolation on his afflicted spirit, who procured for him every little comfort she could afford, and who cheered him and supported herself by the assured hope of a joyful immortality: and when he was dead she borrowed two guineas of her mistress (which were afterwards faithfully repaid), in order that he might be buried decently. During this period several of the little pieces were written which will form a part of the intended selection.—Her library consisted of a Bible, a Common-prayer Book, the Whole Duty of Man, the Pilgrim's Progress, and one or two other books of like description; but having money sometimes given her to go to the theatre, she saved it from time to time, and bought herself Gray's poems, Goldsmith's poems, and the Death of Abel—and in addition to these she accidentally met with the Vicar of Wakefield, and one volume of Lady Julia Mandeville.

She married, in October, 1802, a young man of the name of Richardson, to whom she had long been attached: he was a shoemaker; and having some little property of his own, which enabled him to open a shop, and it being on both sides an union of affection, a gleam of prosperity shone for a while upon their humble dwelling; but at length the husband was attacked by a consumption, and, after lingering many months, she was left a widow early in the year 1804, with an infant at the breast, two months old:—their little property had been consumed during his long illness, and she found herself once more without a relative in the world, save the helpless babe, who in vain was cast upon its afflicted mother (herself worn down by fatigue and sorrow) for its future support! For some time the infant appeared healthy, and was in every respect a most lovely babe, lively and intelligent beyond his age; but for the last six months he has been in a most deplorable state of suffering, requiring the attendance of his mother night and day; and at this time he is nearly blind, owing to a complaint in the head. She has begun a little school; and if the proposed subscription should prove successful, so as to defray the expence of printing, and to leave a residue that shall enable her to get assistance in nursing the sick child, there is little doubt of her being able to procure a decent maintenance.*

I am sir,
Your obedient servant,
CATHARINE CAPPE.

York, August 12, 1805.

THE ENQUIRY.

WRITTEN IN 1800.

Addressed to a Friend of the Author.

WHEN late you ask'd—' Where do your parents dwell ?'
Unconscious of the pain your question gave—
For still this heart with agony will swell
When memory whispers—' They are in the grave !'—

' I have no parents,' sadly I replied,
(Whilst down my cheek th' unbidden tear would flow) ;
' Nor am I by the ties of blood allied
' To one kind being in this world below.'

A tender father's care I never knew :
One only parent blest my early years;

* We understand that this interesting selection will make its appearance as soon as a sufficient number of subscriptions are received, at a crown each, to defray the expence of printing; and that they will be received by Mr. Johnson, St. Paul's Church-yard ; Mr. Mawman, in the Poultry; and Mr. Hatchard, in Piccadilly.

Beneath a mother's fost'ring care I grew
From infancy to youth—devoid of fears.

Unknown to me was ev'ry cause of grief;
No anxious thoughts my happy mind distrest:
Health and content still bloom'd upon my cheek,
And cheerfulness dwelt ever in my breast.

To youthful minds each object brings delight:
The world presents unnumber'd charms to view;
And fancied pleasures eagerly invite;
Yet oft in vain the phantom we pursue.

Scarce had I enter'd on the world's wide stage,
Elate with youth's gay hopes of promis'd bliss,
When soon a diff'rent scene my thoughts engage,
And into sorrow turn'd my happiness.

For, ah! disease had fix'd his fatal dart
Within that breast, far dearer than my own;
And vain, alas! were all th'attempts of art
To save the destin'd victim from the tomb!

Though many a year has run its circling round
Since my lov'd parent was to dust consign'd,
Yet in my heart her image still is found—
Still lives the mother in her daughter's mind.

One tender tie remain'd—a brother dear—
But he, alas! misfortune's victim prov'd:
And oft have I conceal'd the falling tear,
Lest it should wound the bosom which I lov'd!

Chill penury and sickness were his lot:
Yet was he to his Maker's will resign'd;
And all his wants and suff'rings were forgot
Whene'er he thought upon his Saviour kind.

He view'd th' approach of death with joyful eyes,
And often strove my heavy heart to cheer:
'Soon,' said th' expiring saint, 'I reach the skies;
'And, O my sister! let me meet thee there!

'Forgive these tears, my Charlotte! you have known
'Those agonising pangs that pierce the heart:
'You, too, have wept o'er a lov'd parent's tomb,
'And felt what 'tis from those we love to part.'

Now on the world's bleak waste I stand alone;
An unprotected orphan I am left:
To me the names of kindred are unknown;
Of each endearing comfort I'm bereft.

Yet, though a tender sorrow fills my breast,
I sorrow not as those who have no hope:
For still that God who gives the weary rest
With humble confidence I dare invoke.

I know my heav'nly Father, good and kind,
Will not without a cause his children grieve:
His promises support and cheer my mind;
And countless mercies I from him receive.

TO MY INFANT ASLEEP. 1804.

SLEEP on, sweet babe! for thou canst sleep—
No sorrows rend thy peaceful breast:
Thy pensive mother wakes to weep,
Depriv'd by grief of balmy rest!

May angels watch around thy bed,
Thee safe from ev'ry ill defend!
May Heav'n unnumber'd blessings shed,
And be thy never-failing friend!

Sleep on, sleep on, my baby dear!
Thy little heart, from sorrow free,
Knows not the anxious pangs that tear
Thy mother's breast, sweet babe! for thee.

Soft be thy slumbers, sorrow's child!
Serene and tranquil be thy rest!
Oft have thy smiles my tears beguil'd,
And sooth'd my agitated breast.

Thine infant tongue has never known
A father's name; nor can thine eyes
Recal to mind the graceful form
That low in Death's embraces lies.

But I in thee delight to trace
That form, so tenderly belov'd;
To picture in thy smiling face
His image, far from earth remov'd!

His pious cares thou canst not share ;
Nor can he guide thy tender youth,
Or guard thee from each hurtful snare,
Or lead thee in the paths of truth.

The sad, yet pleasing, task be mine,
To virtue's ways thy mind to form,
To point thee to those truths divine
Which in the Gospel are made known.

With reason's dawn thou shalt be taught
Thy father's God betimes to know ;
The wonders he for us hath wrought
Shall be thy mother's task to show.

Each rising and each setting sun
Thy little hands in pray'r shall raise ;
And early shall thine infant tongue
Be taught to lisp thy Maker's praise.

LONDON WALKING AND FULL DRESSES.

1. PLAIN chemise dress of Italian gauze ; full front, fastened in the centre with a jet broach, over a black sarcenet slip ; sleeves and front trimmed with black net trimming, fastened with bugles. Leather gloves, and black jean shoes.

2. Dress of imperial lustre; short sleeves. Gloves and shoes the same as first figure.

PARISION FASHIONS.

HATS of taffeta, and white rose chamoy, are still fashionable, embellished with straw plaits. Flowers are less worn than usual. When an *elegante* does not require full dress, she wears her hair *à-la-Titus*, middling long, and in buckles ; sometimes a bandeau, transverse and plaited, with a comb placed across before, composes her head-dress. The comb, if not of the flasket or quiver shape, ought to have, above the teeth, a row of detached pearls, each of them appearing fastened by a golden nail.

The sleeves of gowns are still much *puffed*, but are worn short, and decorated with ribbons: the bodies and skirts are ornamented with ribbons, thrown into various devices, to imitate the ancient embroidered tapestry ; the designs are skilfully done, and are so well ingrafted upon the muslins and linens, that they look uniform, and of a piece.

A kind of Turkish undress, called the *costume de Seraglio*, is much in fashion : it is very plain, loose, and short, but the sleeves come down low, and button without lace or edging of any kind ; it covers the breast and neck, and is compassed by a girdle.

The *Diana* buskin was the fashion in spring ; but now the slipper of *Thetis*, the silver-footed goddess of Homer, bears the palm.

The dress of the gentlemen is as usual ; but they have almost discharged the waistcoat, and cut the coat to nothing. The gentlemen, instead of wearing a gold or diamond pin on the bossom, have the shirt without a frill, and closed by a row of small white buttons.

THE TOILETTE.

A WOMAN may admit a lover to her toilette when she is sure of the effect of her charms. It is like the artful confidence of a secret one is certain will do one honour. When a woman suffers herself to be surprised at her toilette, it is as much as to say—' I have, as to my beauty, a clear conscience : it is all honestly my own, and I am the more sure of doing execution with it for its not having the air of murder prepense.'

But when it comes to that dismal time when it is necessary to make a

face, the dressing-room door is carefully bolted till the operation is over. 'There is no secret better kept by the women,' says a French writer, 'than that of the toilette: it is even better kept than that of their intrigues.'

THE

COUNTRY TOWN,

A COMEDY.

(Concluded from p. 429.)

ACT IV.

Scene, a Square: at the bottom the house of Madame Senneville; on the side the house of M. Riflard. It is night.

SCENE I.

Madame SENNEVILLE, RIFLARD.

Riflard. What am I to think of this, madam? I have made signs to you for this hour past, and you have pretended not to understand me.

Madame Senneville. Indeed, sir, you are a little too authoritative in your manner. Could I leave miss Remival, who was telling me of the illness of the little dog Carlia, which I lately made her a present of? Would you wish me to leave my company and throw up my cards at your nod? Madame Guibert and miss Vernon will make themselves merry at our absence.

Riflard. I must tell you that I am very dissatisfied. Why should you invite those two gentlemen from Paris to lodge in your house?

Madame Senneville. You will remember that it is to yourself that I am indebted for their acquaintance.

Riflard. I could never have expected that such a little insignificant fellow as Desroches would have presumed to take the place of a person like myself; and still less could I have expected that madame Senneville, a woman whom I esteem, whom I love, whom I have always particularly distinguished, would condescend to listen to the prate and insipid nonsense of a stranger.

Madame Senneville. But why, sir, do you assume so much? What right have you to talk to me in this manner?

Riflard. In the situation in which we stand, when I wait only for the vintage to be over, and have the consent both of your uncle and yourself, I think I have a right to talk to you like a husband. I also wish to talk to you like a friend. You are ruining your reputation. Have you not observed the smiles, the sneers, the double-meanings, the contemptuous glances, directed to you by the whole company? For my part, I have the misfortune to be too hasty. I did not wish to hold you up to observation, but I could not but act in a determined manner; and in such a manner I will act—Mr. Desroches shall hear from me this evening.

Madame Senneville. O Heavens! You make me tremble.

Riflard. Be not alarmed, madam. It is nothing; only a little necessary precaution that I have taken. But to return to what I was talking of: if you have any regard to your honour, any wish to conduct yourself as becomes us both, it is absolutely necessary that those two young gentlemen should not lodge in your house this evening.

Madame Senneville. What a request!—But my uncle——

Riflard. Your uncle was very much displeased when he saw them arrive. Mr. Vernon, who does what he pleases with your uncle,

by letting him win at piquet, has already spoken to him on the subject; and madame Guibert, whom your uncle would be loth to disoblige, because she is his cousin in the sixth degree, has told him of all the extravagant conduct of this mad-brained fellow, whose friend is not much better than himself. He is a sneering fool, who takes upon himself to act the man of wit. I am not very well pleased with the airs he has given himself towards me.

Madame Senneville. Well! I think you are all in league against me. What has this poor young gentleman done, that you wish me to act with incivility, with rudeness? Let me tell you, this gives me no very good idea of your character.

Riflard. Oh! believe me, dear lady, it is the regard I entertain for you—the affection!—You will not refuse me a sacrifice so absolutely necessary; and in every thing else, you know, you may lead me like an infant.—But this I must require of you, in the name of the tenderest love.—*(He kisses her hand.)*

Madame Senneville. Take care—Here is Mr. Vernon.

SCENE II.

Madame SENNEVILLE, RIFLARD, VERNON.

Vernon. Yes; here you are. I was certain I should find you together. Be under no alarm; I do not mean to cause you any uneasiness. Let us be divided, or, as I may say, enemies among ourselves; but let us unite against strangers, interlopers as I may call them, who come to intermeddle in our affairs—with what does not concern them. We were all very well satisfied among ourselves, when, to be sure, here comes this little impertinent gentleman from Paris!—I just wish to give you notice of a trifling incident which will presently take place: there will be no noise, no bustle—but when every body has retired, your uncle, madam, is determined to dismiss from his house, as politely as possible, the two travellers who have found means to introduce themselves, but who, to say the truth, are not fit to be admitted into polished and delicate society.

Madame Senneville. What can these two young gentlemen have done to you?

Vernon. Done, madam! Have they not been admitted, received, treated in the most flattering manner, by madame Guibert? who, no doubt, is a very ridiculous lady; but that is not the question at present. They have taken upon them to hold her up to ridicule, and talk about her playing off her daughter at them.

Madame Senneville. Well, and what could be more ridiculous? Madame Guibert certainly well deserves——

Riflard. It may be so; but am I too to be made their butt, in my turn? Our town has always been respected for decency of manners, and we ought to be careful to maintain its reputation.

Vernon. The other gentleman, too, the companion—who acts the wit, and sneers at every thing and every body—he, I find, has at the post-house a handsome lady, who carefully conceals herself; but they see one another privately.

Madame Senneville. Indeed!

Vernon. Yes, madam; it is quite notorious, the whole town knows it. Depend upon it, they are men of bad character; two profligate rakes. I say nothing of their behaviour to my sister and myself.

Madame Senneville. Ah! that is intolerable. Miss Vernon is so good

a creature! I should be delighted to see her advantageously settled and happy.

Vernon. My sister is a fool: but with respect to this matter, you may make yourself quite easy; I have not been asleep. I have taken my measures coolly, and with effect; and this evening they will hear something.

Riflard. Surely, madam, you do not hesitate!—You must determine. If they lodge in your house this evening, you must not expect to see me again.

Madame Senneville. Dear despot!—I must make the sacrifice you demand, I perceive.—Since I must determine—It costs me a struggle, and that I cannot dissemble.

Riflard. Dearest madam, how good you are!

Vernon. Silence! Here comes the companion.

SCENE III.

Madame SENNEVILLE, RIFLARD, VERNON, DELILLE.

Delille. In reality, madam, nothing can be more agreeable and polite than the company to which you have introduced us. I cannot but congratulate you, gentlemen, on that fashionable air, the true *ton* of good company, so visible in all your parties. It is only in your town that we find that amenity, that sociability, that reciprocal indulgence, and, above all, that hospitality so much boasted among the ancients.

Vernon. We consider it as a duty, sir, to receive strangers well, when they deserve it.

Riflard. Certainly we do; and we likewise know how to treat them when they come only to sneer at and ridicule us.

Delille. You are to be commended. *(Aside)* There is some mischief contriving against us.

Vernon. But it grows late: it is time, I think, to retire.

Riflard. Yes; the rest of the company, you see, are coming away.

SCENE IV.

DELILLE, DESROCHES, *Madame* SENNEVILLE, *Madame* GUIBERT, *Miss* VERNON, VERNON, FRANCIS, *a Maid Servant carrying a lanthorn.*

Madame Guibert. *(Coming first, preceded by Francis, who carries a lanthorn—speaking to miss Vernon)* I do assure you, miss, I gave you two fish; I remember it perfectly.

Miss Vernon. Indeed, madam, I do assure you, you forgot to give me them. It was the only fortunate chance I had all the evening, and I derived no advantage from it.

Vernon. What is the matter now? Some new dispute?

Miss Vernon. We were only speaking of something that happened in the course of our play, brother.

Vernon. I thought so.

Madame Senneville. What! ladies, will you retire so soon?

Madame Guibert. So soon? Why it is almost ten o'clock.

Madame Senneville. I would not wish to be importunate. You will permit me to return to my uncle.

Riflard. *(To Madame Senneville)* Adieu, dear madam! Believe me when I declare to you ——

Madame Senneville. *(in a whisper)* Beware; we are watched. *(Aloud)* Your very humble servant, ladies.—To-morrow, at three precisely; I beg you will not forget. *(She goes in.)*

Desroches. *(To Madame Guibert)* Will you accept of my arm, madam, on your way home?

Madame Guibert. I thank you, sir; we do not live two steps off, and I have no occasion for any person's arm. Go first, Francis; and you, miss Flora, take care how you walk, I beg of you.

Flora. Yes, mamma.

Madame Guibert. Your most humble servant, miss Vernon: believe me, I positively gave you the two fish.

Vernon. Since madame Guibert says so, it certainly must be so.

Miss Vernon. Nobody could ever have worse luck than I have had: I have lost above fifty fish. But I always find card-playing very expensive at madame Senneville's.

Vernon. Why do you play then?

Madame Guibert. (*To Desroches and Delille*) Adieu, gentlemen; I am very glad you have been made so good amends for my unavoidable disappointment, and that no obstacle has prevented madame Senneville from receiving you into her house, and shewing you that attention which unfortunately it has not been in my power to do.

Vernon. Good night, gentlemen: you are now, I believe, at last, permanently provided with a lodging.

Riflard. Good evening, gentlemen. We shall see one another again, I doubt not.

Scene V.

Desroches, Delille.

Desroches. They seem to sneer at us.

Delille. Perhaps they may; where is the wonder? Mr. Vernon detests you; madame Guibert ridicules you, Mr. Riflard threatens you. How do you find yourself in this little delightful country town?

Desroches. Why, not very well satisfied: hitherto I have been obliged to listen during the whole evening to all the old stories of madame Senneville's uncle; and after three insipid games at back-gammon I was seized on by three old women, who, when they completely tired me with their nonsense, set me to amuse a pack of noisy children by playing with them.

Delille. Did you not observe how they whispered one to another, and how they eyed us from time to time?

Desroches. Yes, they seem to consider us as two extraordinary personages.

Delille. Well, well, it is certainly a very agreeable town; we have a pure air, delightful walks, excellent company.

Desroches. You may jeer me as much as you please; I am not yet sorry that I stopped here. Miss Vernon and miss Guibert, it is true, reside here; but so likewise does madame Senneville, and we shall have the pleasure to lodge with her. We walked together in the garden, before it was dark.

Delille. Yes, and you staid so long that all the company enquired where you were.

Desroches. As we returned to the house, she recommended to me to entertain her uncle at his favourite game.

Delille. A sure proof that you are beloved by the niece.

Desroches. And you must allow that she has charms and amiable qualities sufficient to make amends for all the disappointments—

Delille. And all the rivals, Mr. Riflard, Mr. Vernon—?

Desroches. She never had any thoughts of Mr. Riflard, Mr. Vernon, or any other person: she has sworn it.

Delille. Oh! if she has sworn it—I do not believe a word of it.

Desroches. I know you are always ready to contradict me.

Delille. No, no: since you wish it—the uncle is very amusing,

and the niece immaculately virtuous.

Desroches. We are not talking about virtue.

Delille. Do not lose moments so precious.

Desroches. Will you not go home with me?

Delille. No, I shall not sup yet; besides, I have a visit to make.

Desroches. What! in a town where you have no acquaintance?—Your conquests are rapid, and with reason engage your attention. I shall return. So, wishing you all success in your amours, I remain your most humble———

Delille. The same success to you in your amours, Mr. Desroches.

Scene VI.

Desroches, Delille, Dubois *(with the portmanteau and trunks).*

Desroches. How now! Where are you going with all that luggage? What is the matter?

Dubois. The matter is, that we must once more look for another lodging.

Delille. Very good! I expected it.

Desroches. What do you say?

Dubois. The chamber-maid politely requested me to take away all our baggage; and here is a letter from madame Senneville will explain every thing to you.

Desroches. A letter! let me see it instantly.—*(Reads)*—'It would 'have been extremely agreeable 'to my uncle and myself to have 'been able to furnish you with the 'same accommodations as we re'ceived from your relatives, at 'Paris; but this is absolutely im'possible. A due regard for my 'reputation will not suffer me to 'permit you to make a longer stay 'in my house. You will, I hope, 'accept my apology, and the ex'pression of my sincerest regret.'—A due regard for her reputation! That is pleasant!

Dubois. Here is another letter, sir, given me to deliver to you by an affected fribbling kind of a gentlemen.

Desroches. Another letter to me! From whom?

Delille. Read it. Let us hear.

Desroches. *(Opens the letter, and reads.)* 'I have observed your be'haviour to madame Senneville; 'your tender glances and amorous 'advances. I have given several 'lessons to strangers like yourself, 'who in passing through our town 'have taken the liberty to poach 'on my manor; and, notwithstand'ing the good opinion I had at first 'conceived of you, I must do the 'same by you. I shall expect you 'to-morrow at sun-rising, behind the 'little rampart. I have my sword 'and pistols, I hope you will do 'me the honour to meet me.—Fran'cis Riflard.'———Impertinent coxcomb! Yes, I will meet him, certainly; and I think I shall give him a lesson which he will not soon forget.—But you must confess it is a curious act of gallantry to risk having my throat cut for a woman who has just turned me out of her house.

Dubois. *(Taking another paper out of his pocket, and presenting it to Desroches)* This too, sir, is for you.

Desroches. Another! What can that be?

Dubois. It was brought by a man in black.

Desroches. Let us see. *(Reads)*—'The ninth year of the French 'republic. I Christopher Hyacinte 'de Bon-Aloi, undersigned register, 'at the request of Augustine Catha'rine, usually called Nina Vernon, a 'maiden, of age, and marriageable—'

Delille. It is a summons from Mr. Vernon.

Desroches. Why, 'this country town is a little hell.

Delille. It is the asylum of happiness and virtue.

Desroches. (*to Dubois*) You have nothing more to give me, have you?

Dubois. I think I have given you enough.

Desroches. Yes, yes; quite enough.

Delille. Why would you leave Paris?

Desroches. Ah! madame Belmont! Why were you faithless? (*He sits down on a step, and appears plunged into melancholy.*)

Delille. (*Aside*) Excellent! He may be restored to us.

Dubois. (*To Delille*) Sir, here is Champagny, your cousin's servant.

Delille. Engage the attention of your master for a while, that I may have time to speak to him. (*Dubois approaches Desroches, and prevents him from seeing Champagne.*)

SCENE VII.

DESROCHES, DELILLE, DUBOIS, CHAMPAGNE.

Champagne. (*To Dubois*) My mistress is in the utmost agitation. She is acquainted with all Mr. Desroche's adventures, and is determined to leave the town this night. I have had the greatest difficulty to prevail on her to take her leave of you. You must go to her immediately.

Delille. No,——I have another scheme.—Let us take advantage of the present circumstances. Employ all your address to bring her this way.

Champagne. It will not be very easy, but I will endeavour. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

DESROCHES, DELILLE, DUBOIS.

Desroches. And to add to my vexation I cannot leave the town, because I have received a challenge from Mr. Riflard.—(*To Dubois*) But what are you doing? You must go and find an inn for us.

Dubois. Yes, sir, immediately. [*Exit.*

SCENE IX.

DESROCHES, DELILLE.

Desroches. To-morrow morning I shall give a lesson in fencing to Riflard, and a lesson in law to Vernon, and then make my escape from duellers, lawyers, coquettes, and the devil, who has pursued me into this cursed country, by setting out instantly for Paris.

Delille. To-morrow morning you go, do you? Well, I wish you a good journey.

Desroches. A good journey! Why, will you not go with me?

Delille. I am much pleased with this little town, and wish to remain here some time longer.

Desroches. You was continually ridiculing and vilifying it, and yet you will stay!

Delille. And you was always admiring and extolling it, and yet you will go!

Desroches. But what can detain you?

Delille. May I not change my mind as well as you?

Desroches. Perhaps it is on account of the mysterious fair-one?

Delille. Perhaps so.

Desroches. Ah! friend, she will deceive you.

Delille. She was not born in this town.

Desroches. What signifies where she was born, or where she dwells? women are every-where the same.

Delille. Believe me, there is more than one.—

Desroches. Oh! I can anticipate your fine eulogium. My own adventures have taught me what to think

of it. I once thought like you; but madame Belmont undeceived me.—Ah! her infidelity is a thousand times more painful to my heart than any thing else I have suffered.

Scene X.

Desroches, Delille, Champagne.

Champagne. (To Delille) She is here, sir.

Delille. I will be with you in an instant. My dear Desroches! I must be gone for a few moments. Tell Dubois to wait for me at this place. [*Exit.*

Desroches. Do not be long.—He is very fortunate: the mysterious lady is really a fine figure, and reminds me——

Scene XI.

Desroches, *Madame* Belmont.

Desroches. But, surely, I think I see a woman, in the dark.

Madame Belmont. Is that you, Delille?

Desroches. (Aside) She takes me for Delille. Perhaps this is the mysterious beauty: let us see.

Madame Belmont. Do you think it still possible to excuse your unworthy friend?

Desroches. Heavens! what voice is that?

Madame Belmont. I have had the weakness to follow your advice, and to follow yourself and Desroches. To what purpose? To witness fresh proofs of the extravagance and absurdity of his conduct.

Desroches. (Aside) What is this? Madame Belmont has followed me. She loves me still. Wretch that I am! what have I done?

Madame Belmont. And what had he to accuse me with? I have told you how he was deceived by appearances. You know that the young officer, the stranger who excited in him such violent jealousy, was my brother, who had arrived the preceding evening from the army.

Desroches. Your brother! What do I hear?

Madame Belmont. Whom am I speaking to? Desroches!

Delille. (advancing) Himself, madam, who acknowledges his faults. He is completely reformed. Pardon him, and let us set out for Paris.

Desroches. But Riflard's challenge must first be disposed of.

Delille. Oh, that is an affair which may be soon finished. *(He knocks at Riflard's door)* Mr. Riflard! Mr. Riflard! a word with you, if you please.—He cannot yet be gone to bed.

Madame Belmont. What do you mean? I shudder.

Scene XII.

Desroches, Delille, *Madame* Belmont, Riflard *at his window.*

Riflard. Who knocks there?—Gentlemen, what may you want?

Delille. You wish to fight Mr. Desroches. Come down, if you please: he is waiting for you.

Riflard. What do you mean? I never fight after the sun is down; one might be lamed for ever. Read the challenge; it is for to-morrow.

Delille. That cannot be. Mr. Desroches will return instantly to Paris, to marry this lady. The horses are in the carriage; we must be gone this moment.

Riflard. You must be gone this moment; and he is to marry that lady!—This matter may be amicably arranged. I will come down.

Delille. I was sure of it.

SCENE XIII.

DESROCHES, DELILLE, *Madame* BELMONT, DUBOIS.

Dubois. We must absolutely pass the night in the open air. All the inns are full, not a corner vacant; the fair that is held here beginning to-morrow.

Delille. So much the better; we shall set out the sooner.

SCENE XIV.

DESROCHES, DELILLE, *Madame* BELMONT, DUBOIS, RIFLARD *in his night-gown.*

Riflard. Permit me to say, gentlemen, that fighting is become absolutely unnecessary: you are to leave this town immediately, and this gentleman is to marry that lady. Let us all part in friendship.

Delille. Mr. Riflard, you are the first person to whom we spoke in this town; be likewise the last, and convey our farewell compliments to all. Be happy with madame Senneville. Tell madame Guibert that her daughter possesses talents too extraordinary not to find a husband soon. Advise miss Vernon to become a devotee, or a wit; and continually preserve, both towards strangers and among yourselves, that urbanity, that gallant and sociable spirit, which distinguishes your town.

Riflard. Gentlemen, I am your very humble servant; and I think you must carry with you to Paris a very favourable idea both of our town and of the manners of its inhabitants.

THE END.

On the FRENCH THEATRES *and* THEATRICAL MANAGEMENT.

THE number of theatres in France amounts to one hundred and sixty-six, in one hundred and twenty-nine cities of the French empire.

Paris alone contains - -	18
Bourdeaux - - - - -	4
Lyons - - - - - - -	2
Marseilles - - - - -	3
Brussels - - - - - -	3
Ghent - - - - - - -	2
Rouen - - - - - - -	2
Turin - - - - - - -	3

The number of performers attached to the opera in

Paris amounts to - -	366
Theatre François - -	174
Comic Opera - - -	188
Empress's Theatre - -	174
Vaudeville - - - -	82

These with the other theatres of Paris amount to 1388; and, supposing that the 166 theatres have 20 persons each, they amount to the trifling number of 3968 theatrical artists.

From the above list we may form some idea whence proceeds the gay and lively disposition of the French nation. There is no doubt but the stage has a very material effect in the improvement of all ranks in their address and manner; there is no place where better lessons could be received than from a moral pure stage. The stage is a school, where we often see what has been represented in real life, and what is daily going on—particularly as to intrigue and deception, and where very good lessons are given to avoid or execute.

The amusements of the stage seem to be the rage of all ranks of people, not alone in the British empire, but also in the different parts of Europe.

For some time the public mind in England has been engaged by theatrical prodigies; but it would be as well if the younger buskin' geniuses were to have a theatre of their

own, and to be launched out by degrees on the great theatre. But this would require the sanction of a patent.—In our opinion, it would be as well if there were not so many forms of expence, that only enrich a few; and if freedom were allowed in this instance, we should have more places of amusement at a less expence, and all ranks would reap an amusing benefit.

We certainly coincide with the general opinion as to some of the performers of the present time. But we think there ought to be a little more attention paid by managers, in only permitting persons to fill up characters which they are adequate to, and not to be so fond of bringing forward new pieces which have not real *sterling merit.* By some attention to those points the public will be more amused, and critics have less employment.

There are many great characters lost to society, not alone on the theatrical stage, but also on the stage of life, for want of introduction, encouragement, or an opportunity of being known.—A manager of a great theatre ought to be on the alert to find out where talent can be discovered; it is no matter in what family, or in what country, so they answer the purpose of pleasing the public. And it ought also to be the business of the principal manager to go everywhere for the purpose of finding such, and not leave it to persons who may employ a great performer —who was found to have nothing to recommend him but his SIZE— (This we know has been done). No, the greater part of commissioners sent out know no more about performance than what they hear from others:—yet they pretend to a great share of skill in these matters. We hope the managers will take this hint; it is intended for their benefit, and for the amusement of the public for the ensuing winter.

VINCENTIO *and* JULIANA.

A TALE.

(With an elegant engraving.)

SOME centuries past, when the delightful country of Italy was in many parts a prey to warlike banditti and lawless chiefs, a youth of generous extraction and competent fortune resided near Modena. He was named Vincentio, and united to a well-proportioned and manly figure all the most liberal accomplishments of the times. His person and manners had won the heart of the lovely Juliana, the most beauteous maiden in Modena. He had won her affections in preference to numerous rivals, and became united to her by the sacred bonds of marriage. She bore him two children; and their days passed in a state of happiness, of which those who have not experienced the same delightful felicity can form but a very inadequate idea.

But it chanced that the count de Montefiero, a ferocious chief, who headed a numerous banditti, and acknowledged no law but his own will, saw, and fiercely desired, the beauteous Juliana. That she was married was what he had never considered as an impediment, where either stratagem or force could be employed. He therefore ordered his bravos to watch her steps; and they, when they found her alone, bore her off to his castle.

The count had in his service an old man, named Roderigo, who found his account in making his master a dupe to his pretensions to extraordinary skill in astrology, and even in magic. This man, when he

Engraved for the Ladys Magazine.

Vincentio and Juliana.

saw Juliana brought into the castle, was so struck with her youth, her beauty, her innocence, and her most distressful situation, that he conceived the idea of saving her; to which he was still more induced because he well knew who she was, and entertained a respect for Vincentio on account of his father, with whom in his youth he had had connections of the most friendly kind. To effect his benevolent purpose he knew that the great object was to gain time, as the impetuous Montefiero would otherwise soon proceed to gratify by force his brutal appetite. To obtain this delay he approached and addressed his haughty and ferocious master, asking him whether he did not admit that it would be much more desirable to obtain the ardent love of the beautiful object for whom he had conceived a passion than to triumph over aversion by force. He at the same time told him, that if he would wait twenty-four hours he should be able, without employing violence, except, perhaps, to make her swallow a certain magical philtre which he should prepare, to transfer all her affection from her husband to himself.

The count, who was as stupidly credulous as he was fierce and brutal, listened to the proposal, and ordered Roderigo immediately to prepare the wondrous potion. The latter accordingly mixed up a strongly soporific draught, which he gave to the count, who carried it to the unhappy Juliana, and, with a drawn dagger in his hand, compelled her, after many struggles, to drink it. She soon after sank into a deep sleep, and was conveyed to the count's chamber, into which Roderigo had enjoined him, under pain of entirely frustrating the effect of the charm, not to enter till the expiration of twenty-four hours; after which time he assured him she would awake, and the first person on whom she should open her eyes, which would certainly be himself—if he repaired to the chamber at the time he directed—would possess her most ardent affection as long as she should continue to live.

There was in the castle another servant entirely devoted to Roderigo. Him the latter contrived secretly to dispatch to Vincentio, the moment he found an opportunity, with intelligence of the danger Juliana was in, and advice to apply immediately to the duke of Modena for a strong body of troops to force the castle of the barbarous chieftain, and rescue if possible the innocent sufferer. This advice was followed with so much promptness, that nearly a thousand men were presently called together under arms, who in the middle of the night attacked, and carried at the first assault, the castle of Montefiero, making the ferocious chief himself their prisoner. Roderigo led Vincentio into the chamber where Juliana lay, who, not having been informed of all that had occurred, imagined her dead, and burst out into the most violent agony of grief. But soon he was undeceived; for the potion having spent its force, the lovely Juliana awoke, and with equal astonishment and delight opened her eyes on her beloved Vincentio, clasping her in his arms: so far rendering true the expression of Roderigo, that the person whom she first saw at awaking should possess her most ardent affection as long as she should continue to live.

Roderigo was munificently rewarded by the duke of Modena for his ingenuity and humanity; and the count de Montefiero expiated his crimes in a dungeon, in which he died some years afterwards.

A. F.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

AN ELEGIAC EPISTLE

TO A FRIEND *.

Written from Maker Heights, in 1805.

FROM Maker Heights these lines, my friend, I write,
Where we together various scenes have view'd:—
The tented field, the martial youth's delight;
And honour's dictates eagerly pursued.

In EIGHTY-ONE, again in EIGHTY-TWO,
'Twas here, by GREY, we arts of war were taught:
Here, led by thee:—what moments to renew!
FAIR DAYS† of bliss with fancy's frolics fraught.

Now more than twenty years have roll'd away
Since on these hills I trod the verdant sod;
And still the sun appears as fresh and gay
As when created by th' Almighty nod.

Not so with those, alas! who formed thy corps;—
How very few now breathe the vital air!
The young grow old;—Time youth will not restore;
And Death inexorable none will spare.

Each step I take recalls past scenes of mirth,
Of duty, friendship, and of sorrow too:
In mem'ry live departed sons of earth;
The bosom sighs as we their loss review.

Here stood our camp:—there ORCHARD'S canvass dome;—
ORCHARD, North Devon's pride, the steady friend;
Form'd to command respect abroad, at home,
And orders firm with true politeness blend.

In evolutions quick, correct, and clear;
Extensive mind—discriminating eye;
For ever lib'ral, open, and sincere:—
On such what satisfaction to rely!

Here, on the right, was BASSETT'S long marquee;—
BASSETT, now number'd with the many dead:
Of gen'rous hearts like thine how few we see!
But thou, alas! to happier climes art fled.

Yet in our bosoms thy remembrance stays;
Thy polish'd manners and engaging air;
A handsome manly person:—born to please,
And prove the admiration of the fair.

Next, on the left, was friendly HEDGES seen,
(He breathes, alas! this nether orb no more),
Who, ever-smiling, show'd a soul serene,
And poverty in grief ne'er left his door.

When Envy and her train, o'er evening tea,
Would characters maliciously dissect,
HEDGES to praise would ever ready be,
And search out virtues, fiends would fain neglect.

Here PARTRIDGE, friendly, pleasant, mild, and kind,
In canvass dwelt; but soon Death's piercing dart,
To shades of night thy easy soul consign'd:
Ah! first or last, from hence we all must part.

Around thy truly faithful grenadiers
In trouble and distress thy loss deplor'd;

* Supposed to be Paul Orchard, esq. M. P. late colonel of the North Devon militia.

† *Beaux jours.*

Their manly cheeks were bath'd with tender tears,
And throbbing bosoms show'd whom they ador'd.

Now, LEY, with placid, unaffected mien,
And honest heart, thy tented spot we spy:
To friendship true, and to the Paphian queen;
What favour could thy bosom e'er deny?

Look where we may, search as we will around,
How few like thee—a lion and a dove!
Good humour in thy breast was ever found:
Thy social soul is gone to realms above!

Here MEDDON sat, to view life's manners pass,
And laugh and shake his sides at Folly's cap;
With wit assail each coxcomb, fop, or ass,
And rouse ev'n dulness by a lively rap.

His solid worth, good sense, and ways to please,
Now seek retirement on his native soil:
There may he long enjoy health, wealth, and ease;
There plant and cultivate with useful toil!

This turf by SOUTHCOTE'S canvass once was fac'd,
Long fam'd for brilliant wit and repartee;
The song, the toast, the laugh, were to his taste:
With him the table in a roar must be.

Dum vivimus vivamus was his text:—
While life remained he kept it full in view:
Thought only for the day—nought for the next;
And to the last still pleasure would pursue.

Here dwelt a light-bob captain *, young and gay,
By some a compound thought of good and ill;
Books, music, balls, the bottle and the play,
Of each by turns, 'tis said, he took his fill.

To years mature now grown, we'll fondly hope
His love of letters o'er the rest prevails:
And, while to feelings he may give a scope,
In measur'd numbers friendly facts details.

There joyous BUCK his canvass cov'ring plac'd,
Young, brisk, and bless'd with beauty in a wife.
Her charms and virtues long his home had grac'd,
But Fate too early cut *his* thread of life.

Here BAILEY, fond of jokes and tales from far,
Would oft amuse and raise the laugh around;
Quote merry JOE, or talk of German war,
And *convalescents* HEAVY BAGGAGE † found.

To mirth a friend, dull gravity a foe,
He'd join the bottle, freely fill his glass,
Then drink to church and king, or belle, or beau,
The conqu'ring hero, or the pretty lass.

There BOUND; here honest PROWSE, NIBBS, ROBINS, GRANT,
Their waving mansions pitch'd upon the sward;

* Supposed to be the author.

† The story here alluded to, and which captain B. used to relate with great humour, was this:

In the year 1758, the commanding officer of a regiment of militia received orders from the War-office for the regiment to march from its quarters to P. and 'to leave their *convalescents* behind them.' This word not being clearly understood, the usual application, in such knotty cases, was made to the adjutant, who was uncertain what it meant, but 'he believed it to be the HEAVY BAGGAGE.' However, to make the matter clear, he would consult with an old quarter-master of dragoons. Accordingly he called on his friend: 'We have just received a route,' says he, 'to march for P. and to leave our *convalescents*, that is the HEAVY BAGGAGE, behind us.' The quarter-master replied, that he did not imagine it could mean the HEAVY BAGGAGE, although he could not recollect what it implied. Upon the return of the adjutant to the commanding officer with this report, a consultation was held, when it was unanimously determined, notwithstanding the doubts of the veteran, that it must allude to the HEAVY BAGGAGE, which was accordingly left behind; and the *convalescents*, but ill qualified for such a march, were taken with the regiment.

Now turn'd to dust, no more their bosoms pant
  For fame or pleasure, honours or reward.

Here VEALE, with shrugs and smart laconic phrase,
  Would draw attention, tickle, and surprise;
There PRYCE, quite young, would oft with wit amaze,
  And pow'rs display that might immortalize.

Though born to shine, cut off in early dawn;
  Superior talents, genius, he possess'd—
A gen'rous, lib'ral mind:—but he is flown,
  We trust, to blissful regions, 'mong the bless'd.

This spot was SPENCER's; that belonged to BLAIR;
  Here RUSSELL fix'd his tent; there roving ROOKE;
True sons of mirth,—sworn enemies to care;
  Through Pleasure's mead the flow'ry path they took.

His canvass roof had BURGESS on this ground—
  BURGESS, with understanding strong and clear;
For ever indefatigable found:—
  His heart as honest as his soul sincere!

There MORTIMORE and DARE, GEORGE WALKER too,
  And worthy NED his brother, all no more:
With unrelenting rage does Death pursue,
  And, once transfix'd, none ever will restore.

Be far remov'd that day, the fatal hour,
  That calls thee hence to dwell in blissful realms;
And, while on earth thou breath'st, may ev'ry pow'r
  Protect and bless—till darkness overwhelms!

LINES

On the Illness and Recovery of a beautiful young Lady.

YES, through the vale of pale disease,
Those charms have still the pow'r to please;
Charms which the purest lilies show,
Or snow-drops op'ning into blow;
Charms which the fairest form pourtrays,
Or budding jessamine displays;
Whose hectic blushes not in vain
Reflected loveliness on pain.

  Thus, when hoar winter's frozen hand
Spreads o'er Helvetius' dreary land,
Alps' tow'ring head with gloom invests,
And swells with snow its mountain breasts,
The sick'ning sun with languid ray
Gleams through the misty cloud of day;
But when from off the face of heav'n
The fresh'ning northern breeze has driv'n
Dank fogs, whence noxious vapours rise
To taint the lustre of the skies,
The golden orb refulgent breaks,
With radiance new the mountain streaks;
Where sparkling gems, reflecting light,
Unnumber'd dance upon the sight;
While, as returns the vernal gale,
Waving fresh beauties o'er the vale,
Nature, in livelier colours drest,
Smiles o'er the earth supremely blest.

  Of thee the winds enamour'd grew,
And kiss'd the blossom as it blew;
Then, sipping off the dew of health,
Strove to destroy its beauteous wealth;
Thus rudely daring to invade
A form they vainly sought to fade:
'Twas then I saw thee, as a flow'r
Which drooping still retains its pow'r.

  When o'er her frame Hygeia's breath
Its balm diffus'd, the dart of death,
Doubly envenom'd, she defied;
Though wounded, still no beauty died:
As glowing tints the thorn disclose,
So the new Helen blushing rose;
Or flow'rs, which shed increas'd perfume
When dew-drops glisten on their bloom.

  Welcome the gale Hygeia blew,
Which brought returning charms to view!
Ah! far more welcome than the breeze
Which drives yon vessel o'er the seas;
Or wafting thousands to the shore,
Who never thought to reach it more.

  Then, oh! how well did she conceal
The pain less beauties would reveal!
How well the contest she sustain'd!
How great the victory obtain'd!
While from the radiance of her eyes
New lightnings flash, new dangers rise;
Beware, for oh! their potent charm!
Where'er they glance they must disarm.

  But when, alas! life's spirits die,
And souls to realms ethereal fly,
From the unfathomable deep,
And awful death's sepulchral sleep,

Thou too, on heav'nly wings, from earth
Shall mount to renovated birth,
And bloom again in youthful pride
Where angels live who mortals died.

R. CORT.

Judd-place, East,
Somers Town.

THE BRITISH ROSCIUS.

Non sine diis animosus infans.

HOR.

LO! from the mount prophetic genius cries—
'Arise, young Roscius, mimic hero, rise!'
And as the Muse her vot'ry thus address'd,
She stamp'd with wisdom what her lips express'd.

'Resplendent meteor of the tragic sphere,
'Blaze through the world thy radiant lustre here;
'And widely spread those warm refulgent rays,
'Tipt with the lustre of immortal praise.
'Enthron'd with Thespis, let the infant rule,
'Waving his laurels o'er the scenic school,
'Whilst myriads own what all the age adore,
'His wond'rous knowledge in theatric lore.—
'His graceful mien and youthful looks pourtray
'The glowing dawn of Nature's brightest day:
'His just conception, energetic fire,
'What pen describe, what heart can not admire?
'Whose ev'ry sense, whose ev'ry thought's a mine,
'Rich with pathetic emphasis divine.
'The purest streams which flow from Reason's fount
'Rush through his mind, where chaste ideas mount;
'And floods of pleasing elocution roll,
'That gush with rapture on the ravish'd soul.
'His varied life displays a checker'd scene;—
'A tempest now, and then a calm serene:
'Like an advent'rous ship to Fancy's eye,
'That strikes on sands her pilot can't descry;
'For thus 'tis oft unskilful actors split
'On jutting dangers from the rocky pit!
'But youthful Betty, flow'r of Albion's stage,
'May bid defiance to the critic's rage.—
'Mourning the fate of Denmark's murder'd chief,
'My eyes bore witness to thy filial grief;
'Pourtraying horrors which the spectre caus'd,
'When as it stalk'd thy harrow'd feelings paus'd!
'I heard thee bravely to the vision speak,
'While awful vengeance flush'd thy pallid cheek;
'Looks so descriptive of a frenzied brain,
'Who could conceive they but *dissembled* pain:
'Or who refuse the sympathetic tear
'That view'd thy anguish o'er Ophelia's bier?
'Then, too, in Gloster I acknowledg'd you
'The base original which Shakspeare drew.
'Whether in Norval's or in Achmet's guise,
'In each I saw their noble spirits rise.
'Poor Fred'ric's woe, empassion'd Romeo's fire,
'In thee were present all that thoughts admire.
'Transcendent boy! let not the wand'ring race
'View the sad blight of such celestial grace;
'Pluck'd in its blossom by that gen'rous zeal,
'When they but just its fragrant influence feel:
'Fresh as the bud's expanded beauties new,
'Impearl'd with drops of admiration's dew,
'Dispensing odours, where it rears its head
'The air's perfum'd with stores of incense shed.
'Rear'd by the genial rays of tender care,
'Let the young flow'ret still continue fair:
'Then shall the brilliant page of hist'ry crown
'Eternal records of thy just renown;
'And, while emblazon'd with thy tragic fame,
'Shall through the world immortalise thy *name.*'

R. CORT.

Judd-place, East,
Somers Town.

TO MISS J***** B******.

Written in a Meadow near Hertford, August, 1804.

HAIL, blest retreat! when silence reigns around,
And Nature's harass'd * sons withdraw to rest,
Here will I lull the *anguish* of my breast;
To this lone spot †, where no intrusive sound
Breaks the soft harmony of solitude,
At night's approach, I'll frequently retire,
Nurture my griefs, and o'er my sorrows brood.
Yon solitary star ‡, that cheers the night,
And sheds a radiant glance of twinkling light,
Shall hear the accents of my plaintive lyre!—
Whilst list'ning zephyrs, from the neigh-b'ring grove,
Shall to my J****a, as they wanton by,
Waft on their balmy wings each *heart-fetch'd sigh*,
And tell the *faithless* maid to what *excess* I love.

S. Y.

THE TEAR.

I TALK'D of the woes of the days that are past—
Of afflictions and trials severe;
How the May-morn of life was with storms overcast,
How the blossoms of Hope were all nipt by the blast;
And Beauty sat list'ning to hear:

Of hardships and dangers, and many a wrong,
And of toils that beset me so near;
Of Treachery's snare, and Ingratitude's tongue;
I told:—and 'twas pleasant the tale to pro-long—
For Beauty repaid with a tear.

Ah! soft form of Beauty, that gladdens the soul!
Is aught as thy sympathy dear—
When thy bright-beaming eyes with be-nignity roll,
When heaves thy full bosom at Pity's con-troul,
And thy roses are wash'd with a tear?

When dark roll the clouds that o'ershadow our doom,
When toils and when dangers appear;—
When the storm-threat'ning waves all their terrors assume;
Then the sun-beam of Hope that can break through the gloom,
O Beauty! must shine through a tear.

Yes, Beauty—thy tear, that from sympathy flows,
To manhood shall ever be dear;
'Tis the balm of all ill, and the cure of all woes;
And the heart-rankling wounds of remem-brance shall close,
That Beauty has wash'd with a tear.

* In allusion to harvest.
† Where love appeared reciprocal.
‡ Venus, the evening star.

LINES

To the Memory of Mrs. Payne, who died after a lingering Illness, July 6, 1804.

By J. M. L.

FAREWELL, respected and lamented friend!
By pale consumption hasten'd to thy end.
Long have thy virtues been by me rever'd,
More by thy friendship to my soul endear'd:
Oft has thy feeling mind and friendly heart
Sigh'd for their fate who wept with sorrow's smart;
Oft, when some friend with illness bow'd his head,
Thy pitying soul pour'd comfort round his bed;
And did some child of misery appear,
Thine was the hand his chilling wants to cheer.
Each tender feeling in thy breast did blend
To form the wife, the mother, and the friend:
In all, your equal conduct was the same—
Spotless as snow, unknown to wrong or blame:
Yet unavailing was each virtuous deed
To snatch thee from the fate that was de-creed.
Death, unrelenting, aim'd his awful blow;
Consuming illness came, and laid thee low.
Yet sweet Religion pour'd a constant balm,
And meek-eyed Patience gave a lenient charm;
Blest Resignation reign'd within thy breast,
And cheering Hope could lull thy soul to rest—
Could point the thought, by mild Devo-tion's ray,
To realms of happiness, and endless day.
These inmates of the mind gave ease to death,
And sooth'd thy soul when fled the flut-t'ring breath;
For scarce a sigh escap'd thy placid mien,
Nor were convulsion's racking terrors seen.
Just as an infant sinks to gentle sleep
Thy spirit fled, and left your friends to weep!

FOREIGN NEWS.

Constantinople, July 30.

THE Russian envoy, count Italinsky, has notified to the Porte, that some thousands of Russian troops were again assembled on the shores of the Black Sea, to embark for Corfu, on board of transports in several divisions; he hoped, therefore, that those ships would meet with protection and assistance, if necessitated to put into any port in the Turkish empire. He further notified to the Porte, that the Russian troops in the Ionian Islands were already become so numerous, that there was not room sufficient for them, and the reinforcements now sending thither; therefore he requested, in the name of his government, that a part of them might be placed in a Turkish province in that vicinity, and it is positively asserted that the Porte has fully consented to it.

Meanwhile the Turkish government has received intelligence, that the number of Russian troops ready for embarkation consists of 12 or 14,000 men; and provision is already made for their maintenance, considerable sums having been remitted from St. Petersburgh to several merchants at Constantinople for that purpose.

So many conferences having been held by the Reis Effendi with the Russian and English envoys, it is confidently thought that the triple alliance between these three powers is renewed, and actually confirmed.

St. Petersburgh, July 31. M. Novosiltzoff is not yet arrived in this city. Our troops are every day more and more in motion. We are even assured that the government has endeavoured to procure transports, but has not been able to find them, because in general so many foreign ships have not arrived this year as usual.

Aug. 14. Since baron Novosiltzoff's return to this place, they speak of nothing but a war with France; and the preparations and marches of troops through this capital and the neighbourhood give much occasion thereto.

Several battalions have already marched out, and the others will follow as soon as the Finland divisions arrive. The regiments of these and the neighbouring province are replaced by the divisions coming from Courland and Livonia. The Horse Guards and the Noble Guards are even said to have received orders for marching. It is not yet known who will have the command in chief. These preparations do not seem to have any influence on the public industry and the grand undertakings, which are continued without interruption.

Riga, Aug. 3. Several regiments of our army are on their march, and some ships of war are fitting out at Cronstadt. There is a talk of some armies, the commanders of which are not however as yet appointed.

The Russian fleet at Cronstadt and Revel, consisting of 18 ships of the line and some frigates, is now cruising in the Baltic.

Genoa, Aug. 15. We learn that the Tyrol is rapidly filling with Austrian troops; and it is considered as rather an extraordinary precaution, that all vessels under the Austrian flag at Leghorn have warped into the road, with the intention of putting to sea, if it should be found necessary.

A letter from Rome states, that up-

wards of seventeen hundred and fifty persons perished in the kingdom of Naples in the late earthquake.—Eleven villages are said to have been entirely destroyed, one of which was transformed into a lake, and another into a volcano. Four thousand houses were more or less damaged in the city of Naples.

Augsburgh, Aug. 17. The last letters from Venice state the amount of the garrison there at 10,000 men. The greatest activity is using in fortifying the Isle of St. George. Orders have been issued to repair as speedily as possible all the forts and places in the Venetian tertitories, as well as those which cover the Venetian passes in the Tyrol and Carniola. The troops in Austrian Italy, as well as the line of posts along the Adige, have been reinforced. At the same time, we hear that the Austrians in the Burgaw have been ordered to march to the Voralberg.

August 27. Accounts received from the Tyrol, of the 24th instant, state, that the districts of Trente, Roveredo, &c. are provided with strong intrenchments, and that the narrow passes of Finstermuntz, Winschgau, &c. are placing in the best state of defence.

Frankfort, August 20. The reports that the republic of Ragusa has again applied to the emperor of Austria, desiring to be incorporated with his states, are revived; but it is generally believed, that the emperor will not comply with that request.

The letters from Vienna of the 8th inst. agree in the following intelligence:—

'Within the last week six couriers have arrived here from different courts, and several others are dispatched to Paris, St. Petersburgh, and London. The dispatches brought by the former, have occasioned several consultations between the emperor and his ministers, as well as between the count Cobentzel and the ministers of three courts, M. Larochefoucault, count Rasumousky, together with prince Dolgorowsky, and sir A. Paget. The activity of our cabinet induces us to believe, that this is a very critical moment, and that business of the utmost importance is transacting, though it is yet thought that peace will be preserved. Count Stahremberg, Austrian envoy at London, who had requested to be recalled, and whose lady is already arrived at Vienna, has received positive orders to remain at London, where his presence is indispensable.'

We are informed that the elector of Hesse, at the desire of the French envoy, has given notice to the English minister Taylor, that he must quit his dominions.

Sept. 1. Things are assuming a more warlike appearance every day. The camps assembled at Minkensdorf and in Bohemia have now also received orders to break up, and to join the camp at Lintz nearer to the frontier, which will be exceedingly strong; they talk of 80 or 100,000 men. From another quarter we learn that the Russian troops assembled in Poland are marching for Austrian Silesia, Moravia, and Bohemia, where, it is said, they will, in certain cases, go into winter quarters, and cover the Austrian frontier on the side of the Prussian states.

Vienna, August 7. We are assured that the troops distributed in the different provinces will this autumn be collected in several camps. The troops of Bohemia will form a camp near Budureis; those of Upper Austria will encamp on the Weser Heath; and those of Lower Austria occupy a camp near Zorickenderf, to which several corps will repair from Moravia.

There is a general movement among all our regiments. All these military preparations are considered as measures necessary for the maintenance of our neutrality, and necessarily occasion a removal and marching of the troops, and considerable transports.

Frontiers of Turkey, August 8. It is said that a plot was formed against the life of the grand signior, which was to have been executed at Constantinople, but which was discovered by the Russian ambassador Italinsky. It is added, that all the conspirators have been punished with death. Yet there are persons who think that these reports are designedly propagated by the Russians, who are the most anxious to

spread them, and to lessen thereby the distrust entertained of them by the Turks.

Vienna, August 20. Our sovereign has received a letter written with the French emperor's own hand, which has occasioned very important deliberations.

August 21. Lately an Austrian and two French couriers arrived here from Paris, and two couriers from St. Petersburgh.

We learn by letters and travellers from Poland, that the Russian troops on the frontiers of Gallicia continue to increase considerably in number.

Throughout Austria, Hungary, and Bohemia, the harvest turns out most plentiful, and it is computed to produce treble of last year's crops.

The minister of state, count Cobentzel, has communicated the note for resuming the negotiations which were broken off by baron Novosiltzoff, and that which the Imperial envoy at Berlin delivered to the Prussian cabinet on the 5th inst. to all the foreign ministers.

The whole Austrian army is to be on the war establishment by the 1st of September, and a war appears inevitable.

The reports circulated respecting the arrival of 80 or 90,000 Russians on the frontiers of Gallicia are at least premature; since the last letters received at Vienna from Lembrentz make no mention of it, although they have for some weeks announced military preparations in Russian Poland.

It appears that the elector of Bavaria is about to leave Munich for Franconia. His family go along with him, and will take up their residence for some time at Wurtsburgh. It is also said that a change will take place in the Bavarian ministry. Artillery, ammunition, &c. are fast transporting from Munich to Wurtzburgh, where they will be lodged in the citadel of Marienburgh. Nothing is known respecting the cause of this proceeding.

August 24. Our court has received another courier from Paris; and as the preparations for war are continued with redoubled activity since his arrival, it is concluded that the plan of mediation proposed by our court is not accepted by the French emperor.

The preparations become, indeed, more serious every day. Yesterday several officers were sent off to the generals commanding in the different provinces.

The two regiments of archduke Charles and prince Auersberg, which are in our garrison, have received orders to march for Italy on the 26th and 28th of this month; and the officers of the former regiment have, previous to their departure, dined with their commander, the archduke Charles, who will also set off, within ten days, to inspect the various positions of the army. The two regiments will be relieved by Hungarian troops, which are already on their march.

A great number of Russian troops, with a numerous artillery, have already marched through the Buckowina, to the southern frontier of Poland. On the other hand, the French troops in Upper Italy have more concentrated themselves, and are forming three camps, at Bologna, Brescia, and Rivoli.

Stutgard, August 21. The following notice has been published in all the territories of the emperor in Upper Suabia: 'Among the number of camps which have been formed to a greater extent this year than is customary, on account of the introduction of a new mode of excercise in the Austrian and Imperial armies, there shall be one formed in the neighbourhood of Bregentz. In consequence of this order, the sixty-fourth regiment of Tyrolian chasseurs is gone to Bregentz, and a battalion of the regiment of Bender has been detached to Feldkirch.

Some persons affect to say, this camp, as well as most of the others, will break up about the middle of September; while others maintain that the formation of such a number of small camps in the Austrian territories is only a pretext for collecting a large army together, and preparing for hostilities.

August 25. Private letters from Vienna announce, that the camp at Minkendorff will be very extensive.

HOME NEWS.

Whitehall, August 25.

THIS evening, about half past eight o'clock, departed this life at Gloucester-House, after a long illness, his Royal Highness William Henry Duke of Gloucester, to the great grief of their Majesties and all the Royal Family.

The Duke of Gloucester's complaint was a gradual decay in the intestines, which latterly had affected his lungs so materially that he could not speak without extreme pain and difficulty. His illness lasted exactly seven weeks. It was on Friday and Saturday that he felt the most acute pains. For several hours before he died he appeared perfectly composed and resigned, so much so that it was thought several times he was dead. His Highness at length expired without a single groan, nature being completely exhausted. About noon, on unday, the Duke, finding his end approaching, beckoned to one of his medical attendants (we believe Mr. Charlton), who immediately leaned on the bed.—His Highness still continued the motion with his fingers. Mr. Charlton inclined his head, when his Highness spoke in a very low tone (the powers of articulation being nearly exhausted). He desired Mr. Charlton to make known that it was his dying request that his body might not be embalmed; and this wish he immediately afterwards repeated to Prince William, who promised it should be complied with.

The melancholy intelligence reached Weymouth at two o'clock on Monday afternoon. The King was in his apartments when Mr. Vincent was introduced. On receiving the account, His Majesty was so very much affected, that he could not ask a single question for a considerable time. The Queen, the Princesses, and the Royal Dukes, were equally affected.

September 4. The funeral of the late Duke of Gloucester took place this day. His Royal Highness's remains were, according to a wish he had expressed; conveyed to Windsor, though it had been at first ordered that he should be buried at Westminster, and the fitting up of the Abbey had actually been begun.

About half past nine o'clock in the morning, the hearse, drawn by eight black horses, without any equipment whatever drove in to the Court-yard of Gloucester-House. On enquiry we learnt, that, owing to the shortness of the notice, it was found impossible to get the painted escutcheons ready. This circumstance was intimated to the Lord Chamberlain on Tuesday last; when Mr. France, the undertaker, was ordered to proceed without them.—About 10 o'clock, 9 mourning coaches and 6 horses arrived in the same state of equipment as the hearse, namely, without escutcheons. The late Duke's state coach, and three private carriages belonging to the Dukes of York, Clarence, and Kent, followed. The procession began to move at a quarter before eleven o'clock, when colonel White, who commanded the 2d battalion of the Guards, gave the word for the drums and fifes to play the 104th Psalm.

The bands were divided; one half played in the Court-yard, whilst the other was stationed at the upper end

of Grosvenor-street, in Park-lane. The military music had a very grand and sublime effect. It produced that solemnity and respectful awe in the assembled multitude which it was so well calculated to inspire. The procession was detained about ten minutes, owing to two of the horses next the wheel ones becoming restive. It was found necessary to unharness them, to suffer the hearse to proceed with six horses only. The order was as follow:

1. Mr. France the Undertaker, and five Mutes on horseback.
2. The party of the 4th Light Dragoons, two and two.
3. Mourning Coach, with six Footmen in State Liveries.
4. Do. four Officers of the Household.
5. Do. four Pages.
6. Do. four Grooms.
7. Do. four Gentlemen Porters.
8. Do. Do.
9. Do. four Chaplains.
10. Do. the Duke's Aide-de-camp, and the Herald at Arms.
11. Do. Four Physicians.
12. Party of Light Horse.
13. Mutes.
14. Hearse, with the Body, drawn by six horses, and attended by a Party of Light Horse, two and two.
15. State Coach, with Mr. Vincent, his Secretary, with the Ducal Crown and Cushion; three Footmen in State Liveries behind.
16. Duke of York's Carriage, with six greys; three Servants in rich State Liveries behind.
17. Duke of Clarence's Coach, drawn by six bay horses; two Footmen in State Liveries.
18 and 19. The Duke of Kent and present Duke of Gloucester's Carriages, with two Footmen, each in State Liveries.
20. Duke of Gloucester's Volunteers, drums muffled, beating the dead march, followed by the whole Corps, two and two, with arms reversed.
21. Prince William of Gloucester's Volunteers, in close order.

The band of the Coldstream Regiment of Guards was placed at the corner of Grosvenor-street, and played a part of the 119th Psalm. The regiment presented arms until the whole had passed. The two regiments that composed the funeral guard also presented arms as the procession passed, while their bands played a solemn march. After the procession had passed by them, they formed in small sections, and with their arms reversed followed the procession (their bands playing all the way a dead march) until they passed through Kensington, when they took their leave.

The procession passed through Hammersmith, with no other ceremony than the bell tolling.

On their arrival at Brentford, the Volunteers of that town, Egham, and Acton, were assembled at its entrance, opposite Kew-bridge, and received the procession with presented arms, drums beating a dead march, &c. After it had passed, they formed sections, reversed their arms, and followed in the rear to the other side of the town.

As they passed through Hounslow, the village bell tolled, as did the bell at Bedfont, and all the bells of the other small villages, until they arrived at Windsor.

The procession entered the town of Windsor at half past five in the evening (which was an hour sooner than it was expected), by the entrance from Egham. It was preceded and escorted by a considerable body of the Royal Horse Guards (Blues), who had left Windsor about an hour before, to meet the procession on the Egham road. In all respects, the arrangements was the same as at leaving Gloucester-House, excepting the substitution of the Horse Guards for the Foot Guards and Dragoons, and the two corps of Volunteers. It immediately proceeded to the Upper Castle-yard, where the attendants alighted; and the body was received, with due form, at the grand entrance of the state apartments, carried up the great staircase, and placed in the Queen's Audience-Chamber. In this apartment, the coffin, with the pall, coronet, and cushion, &c. were exhibited to a number of spectators, previous to the funeral, much in the same manner as at Gloucester-House on Tuesday last. The apartment behind the grand staircase, and which is used by His Majesty

as a dining-parlour, was decorated with escutcheons and wax-lights, and was occupied by the servants, who, as well as the other servants of the Royal Family, appeared in their state liveries. Soon after eight o'clock all strangers were excluded from the Castle, and the preparations for the procession from the castle to St. George's Chapel commenced. His Highness Prince William Frederick, now Duke of Gloucester, had arrived some time before, in his private post-chariot and four. The funeral procession set out at nearly half past nine o'clock, from the Queen's Audience-Chamber down the grand staircase, and from thence down the Lower Castle Yard, to the south entrance of St. George's Chapel. The staircase and the side aisles of the new hall, and the whole of the route to the Chapel through the Courts were lined by the Horse Guards (Blues) dismounted. The procession commenced by the Pages, Physicians, Chaplains, Secretary, Comptroller of the Household, Treasurer of the Household, &c. of his late Royal Highness, all in deep mourning. After them, preceded by a Herald at Arms, came the Earl of Dartmouth, Lord Chamberlain of His Majesty's Household, in mourning, wearing the order of the Garter. Then followed a Herald at Arms, representing *Clarencieux*, King at Arms, and carrying the royal Ducal Coronet of the deceased Prince on a black velvet cushion, with his Royal Highness's escutcheons. The Body was next carried by soldiers of the Foot Guards, covered with the velvet pall, ornamented with achievements. The state, or canopy of black velvet, supported by eight pillars, was carried by eight General Officers, in their full dress court uniforms, with their crapes in their hats and on their arms; some Gentlemen of the Duke of Gloucester's household, and soldiers of the Foot Guards, walked on each side. Garter King at Arms, represented by his deputy, Norroy King at Arms, walked immediately after the Body, attended by two Gentlemen Ushers. After Garter, came his Highness Prince William Frederick, in his character of chief mourner. His Highness was dressed in deep mourning, with a very long black cloak: his train was supported by a gentleman of his Household. The Prince was followed by Lord Walsingham, and several General Officers; a Gentlemen Usher, and the Grooms of the late Duke's Bed-chamber, closing the whole. The procession moved very slowly, and with great solemnity, so that half an hour elapsed before it entered the Chapel of St. George. It was accompanied by solemn and mournful music, the trumpets and kettle-drums of the Royal Horse Guards (Blues) being all muffled with crape. Each of the soldiers who lined the path held in his hand a large torch, which sufficiently lighted the way.—On entering the chapel, the procession was preceded down the south and up the centre aisle, to the choir, by the Poor Knights of Windsor, the whole of the clergy, with the dean of Windsor, and the choir, which was very numerous. The body being placed in the centre of the choir, under the canopy, his Highness, the chief mourner, took his seat on a chair opposite the head of the coffin; and when the body was about to be interred he came to the head of the grave, and stood on the left hand of the dean (the Rev. Dr. Legge), who read the service, the anthems being chaunted by the choir. On the conclusion of the ceremony, his Highness and the dean bowed twice to each other, and the Prince retired. During the whole of the service he was most visibly affected, and his appearance excited general sympathy, and a profound respect for his character, in the bright example he afforded of attention to filial duties. A numerous assemblage of ladies and gentlemen (especially military officers) were in the choir. The service concluded at eleven.

The Duke was buried in the grave which contains the remains of his daughter: her Highness's coffin was shown in the morning, in the tomb, in very good preservation. After the interment, the domestic servants of the Duke of Gloucester assembled round the grave, and remained there till the

choir was emptied, taking the last farewell of their respected Royal Master, with strong emotions of attachment to his memory.

BIRTHS.

Aug. 30. The lady of C. Walmesley, esq. of the Royal Crescent, Bath, of a son.

31. In Hill-street, the lady of Wm. Baker, esq. M.P. of a still-born child.

At Bellevue, the lady of G. Ward, esq. of a son.

September 1. At Cowes, Isle of Wight, the lady of John Ward, esq. collector of his majesty's customs, of a son.

3. At Richmond, the wife of T. Cadell, esq. of a daughter.

5. At Morvill-house, the lady of Cuthbert Johnson, esq. of a daughter.

In Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, the lady of H. Hulton, esq. of a son.

At Langham-hall, in the county of Suffolk, the right hon. lady Charlotte Goold, of a son.

7. At Clare-house, in Kent, the lady of John Larking, esq. of a son.

17. At Repton, in Derbyshire, Mrs. Kahrs, of Judd-place East, Somers-Town, of a daughter.

18. The lady of William Fortescue, esq. of Writtle, Essex, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

August 25. At Abbey-church, near Clonmell, by the rev. the dean of Clogher, lieutenant-general sir Eyre Coote, K.B. and M. P. Queen's county, to miss Bagwell, daughter to colonel Bagwell, of Marlfield, M. P. for the county of Tipperary.

26. At Whitchurch, Oxon, the rev. Edward Vansittart, second son of Geo. Vansittart, esq. M. P. for Berks, to miss Gardiner, daughter of Samuel Gardiner, esq. Combe Lodge.

27. Wm. Payne, esq. of Kensington-square, to miss Verrall, only daughter of Henry Verrall, esq. of Potton, Bedfordshire.

At Swaffham, Norfolk, W. H. C. Benejet, esq. of the royal artillery, to miss Nelson, daughter of the late rev. William Nelson, of Fransham, same county.

At Tracton church, county Cork, Wm. Baker, jun. esq. of Lismacue, county Tipperary, to miss Roberts, youngest daughter of sir T. Roberts, of Britfieldstown, county Cork, bart.

28. At Buckingham, John Joseph Stockdale, son of John Stockdale, esq. of Piccadilly, to miss Sophia Milligan, of Buckingham.

T. Tylee, esq. son of J. Tylee, esq. banker, of Devizes, to Mrs. Cohan, daughter of William Salmon, esq. of that place.

At Wraxhall, Wm. Wroughton Salmon, esq. only son of William Salmon, esq. of Devizes, to miss Clutterbuck, daughter of D. Clutterbuck, esq. of Bradford-Leigh.

At Ufford, Suffolk, William Talbot Morton, esq. third royal Lancashire, to miss Catherine Manning, late of Haughley, Suffolk.

30. Mr. J. Marquet, of Tufton-street, Westminster, to miss Sale, daughter of J. Sale, esq. of Arundel-street, Strand.

At Sculcoates, Yorkshire, lieutenant Lennon, of the 15th foot, and son of the late major Lennon, of the 6th carbineers, to miss Varley.

September 1. At Tunstall, in Kent, Henry Dickinson, esq. of the East-India buildings, London, to miss Bradley, daughter of Andrew Hawes Bradley, esq. of Gore-court, Sittingbourne.

At King's Norton, in the county of Worcester, Mr. George Palmer, of St. James's-street, to miss Mary-Ann Gill, of Balsall Heath, youngest daughter of the late Thomas Gill, esq. of Birmingham.

At Doncaster, Nath. Bryan Hodgson, of Brafferton-hall, in the north-riding of Yorkshire, to miss Jemima Eleonora Sowerby, youngest daughter of major-general Sowerby, of Doncaster.

4. At the Quaker's meeting, in Poole, Joseph Pike, esq. of Bridport, aged 72, to miss Mary Manning, late of Exeter, aged 42 years.

5. At St. Cuthbert's, T. R. Peacock, esq. of Thorp Arch, to miss E. Hotham, of York.

At the old church, Halifax, W. Elwell, esq. of Shelf iron-works, near Bradford, to miss Sutcliffe, daughter of Richard Sutcliffe, esq. of Washer-lane, near Halifax.

7. At Knaresborough, in Yorkhsire, the rev. H. Coles, of Horrington, near Grantham, Lincolnshire, to miss Oliver, of Wigmore-street, London.

9. At Lambeth, G. Roots, esq. of Lincoln's-Inn, to miss Sarah Price, youngest daughter of the late captain Thomas Price, of the hon. East-India Company's service.

17. At Lainshaw, the right hon. lord Ashburton, to miss Ann Cuninghame, daughter of the late W. Cuninghame, esq. of Lainshaw.

18. At St. George's church, Hanover-square, Ross Mahon, esq. of Castlebar, in the county of Galway, Ireland, to miss Diana Baber, daughter of Edward Baber, esq. in Park-street, Grosvenor-square.

At St. George the Martyr, Queen-square, Amos Strettell, esq. of Baglan-house, Glamorgan, to miss Harriet Utterson, of Marwell-hall, in the county of Southampton.

DEATHS.

August 24. At Hull, aged 37, lieut. Thomas Lane, of the royal navy, and late of the Charles armed ship.

Suddenly, in Luke-street, Dublin, Mr. John Galbraith, bookseller.

At Pensthorpe, near Fakenham, in Norfolk, in the 63d year of his age, Mr. Hamond Gwyn.

At his house at Finchley, after a lingering illness, Robert Jennings, esq. chief clerk to lord Grenville, auditor of his majesty's exchequer.

25. At the Manse of Inveresk, the rev. Dr. Alexander Carlyle, minister of that parish, in the 84th year of his age, and the 58th of his ministry.

28. At Friern-Court Farm, Peckham-Rye, Surrey, Henry Thomas Jones, esq. of Gower-street, Bedford-square.

At his residence in the Hay-market, Mr. Bichi Lolli, an eminent professor of music.

29. After a very short illness, at his apartments, South-street, South Audley-street, Hugh Frazer, esq.

September 1. At Dulwich, Thomas Skottowe, esq. eldest son of the late Augustin Skottowe, of Great Ayton, in Yorkshire.

At his house at Islington, George Roadley, esq. in the 79th year of his age.

At his lodgings in Great Portland-street, Edward Fitzgerald, of New-Park, in the county of Wexford, esq.

The lady of Dr. Taylŏr, of Reading.

3. At his seat, at Hoveton St. John, in the 80th year of his age, John Blofield, esq. a deputy lieutenant and more than 46 years an acting magistrate for the county of Norfolk.

In the North Main-street, Cork, Mr. Ephraim White, aged 81 years, many years a respectable grocer in that city.

At Southill, Somersetshire, Mrs. Strode, wife of colonel Strode, of the loyal Bath volunteers, and daughter of the late sir Henry Parker, of Warwickshire, bart.

At house in London-street, Fitzroy-square, captain John Stukely Somerset, of the royal navy.

8. At her mother's house, in Paternoster-row, Cheapside, Mrs. Moore, wife of Mr. Francis Moore, of Apothecaries-hall.

9. Joseph Robley, esq. late of the island of Tobago, at the house of John Robley, esq. Russell-square.

At Bodmin, lieutenant Wills, of the royal navy.

At Poole, at an advanced age, Thomas Street, esq. merchant, and alderman of that corporation.

10. Captain Francis Martin, barrack-master, at Deal.

At Derby, Mrs. Archdall, wife of Richard Archdall, esq. M. P.

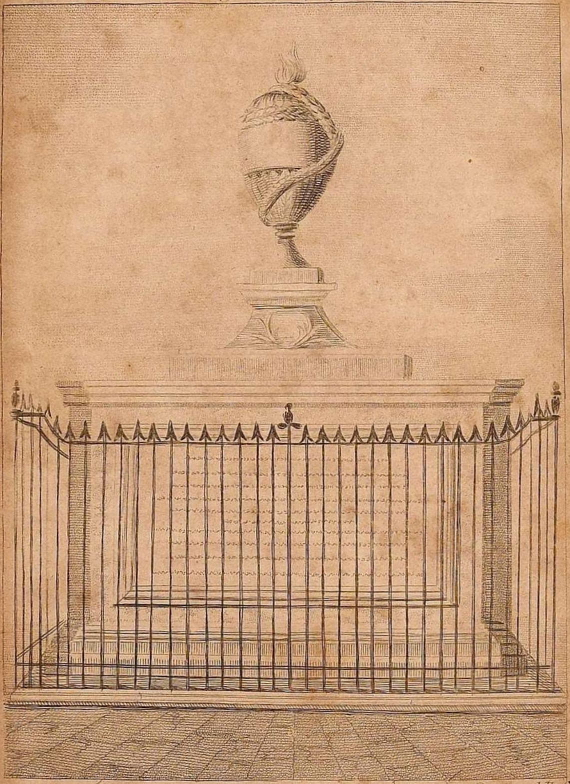
At Southgate, aged 18, after a severe illness, miss Maria H. Smith, daughter of Mr. George Smith, of Finsbury-Terrace.

At her father's house, Mrs. Winter, eldest daughter of Mr. Thomas Miller, of Ilford, in Essex.

12. At Coventry, after a few days illness, Robert Reynolds, jun. esq. of Wood-street, Cheapside.

13. At Greenwich, after a tedious illness, in the 24th year of his age, Mr. Henry Martyr, fourth son of Mr. Richard Martyr, builder, of that place.

18. Miss Elizabeth Rymell, the only sister of Mrs. Sampson, of Harley-street.



Pratten delt sc.

Mausoleum of the late Lord Dacre.
in Lee Church Yard Kent.

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